If you can't feed your Baby yourself
TRY
Glaxo
Full Cream Dried Milk
FIRST
Builds Bonnie Babies
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Prop.: J. Nathan & Co., Ltd., London and Hull.

Always at your Service—The "John Bull" Pen, See Coupon, Page 8.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXIII. No. 612. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1918. ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

SPECIAL OFFER
to Everyone who loves a Baby.

To every reader of "John Bull" who loves a Baby, we will send our *Baby Book*—136 pages of information and helpful hints about Baby and Baby's Mother. And although the book has actually cost twice as much as we charge for it we gladly forfeit the difference because we know that we shall be more than repaid by the *gratitude* of all to whom the Book is sent.

Send 7d. only to-day to
Glaxo (Dept. 38)
155, Gt. Portland Street, LONDON, W.1.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA
X OLD FASHIONED.
COST LITTLE.
EXCELDA LINEN IS VERY DURABLE.
LIGHT AND DAINTY.
DEPENDABLE QUALITY.
ASK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.
Shield-ridge Band.

THE TRAGEDY OF A BOY OFFICER

BY HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Stop worrying about WAR FLOUR.

FOR months now—ever since Miss Wright's solution of the war-flour problem was published—thousands of women have been having cakes as nice as pre-war ones. And, better still, they make them at practically pre-war cost and get over the war flour difficulty beautifully.

Users of GOODALL'S EGG POWDER have no WAR FLOUR troubles.

INSTEAD of the dry, tasteless things most people have to be content with now-a-days, they have delicious—yet patriotic because thoroughly rationed—cakes, perfect in texture, colour, moisture, richness, and everything else—and, best of all, they save three-fourths of the cost of eggs!

Few of the better people are wasting their money on eggs to-day—instead, when say three eggs are required in a recipe, they use *one* and a 1½d. packet of Goodall's Egg Powder. This reduces the cost by at least 8½d.—a very welcome sum—enough to buy ¾ lb. of Margarine!

A famous cook's report:

Miss Elsie Mary Wright says:

"With the present war-time flour it is often a problem to produce light and delicious pastry, but Goodall's Egg Powder completely solves the difficulty."

GET a 1½d. packet, or a 7d. or 1/2 tin of this splendid money-and-temper saving preparation from your grocer to-day. Write us if he hasn't it.

Goodall, Backhouse & Co., Leeds.

WEAK NERVES.

Health and happiness impossible where nerves are weakened. My FREE BOOK shows how insomnia, depression, all nerve, stomach, or heart weakness, irritability, headache, self-consciousness, etc., may be positively cured, under guarantee. Don't suffer any longer. Stop talking and thinking to yourself that you were meant to. Send for this free book to-day. Mention ailment. Dept. B.

THOMAS HOOK, 76, Clarendon Road, Putney, London, S.W.

BEACON OILSKINS will keep you dry always. Men's 10/- Children's 10/9. Sou'-westers 7/6. Long Leggings 8/6—all guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. Illustrated List Post Free. Send Post-card now for this 4½ ounces of "Weather Comfort" to HARBOURS, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS.

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

Government Distribution of Condensed Milk

Important Statement by the Proprietors of

NESTLÉ'S MILK.

IN the face of the most harassing difficulties of production, raw materials, transport and distribution during 3½ years of war conditions, we have been able, not only to satisfy the very large demands of the British Army and Navy and those of the Allied Countries, but have also—AT THE LOWEST PRICE IN THE MARKET—greatly increased the supply of Nestle's Milk for the British Public in general and the British babies in particular.

As is generally known, we have consistently kept down the price of the best quality Condensed Milk in the world, and by restricting sales during the Spring and Summer when fresh milk is more plentiful, we have hitherto been able to keep our prices low during the Autumn and Winter when fresh milk is scarce.

This has brought about the extraordinary result of unknown and inferior brands being offered to the Public at, in many instances, more than 50 % above our advertised prices. Naturally, the Public demanded protection against such a practice, and a new Condensed Milk Order is the result.

In consequence of the Government Distribution of Condensed Milk we shall in a few weeks' time no longer control our own imports or prices.

It, however, rests largely with the Public and the Trade whether they get NESTLE'S *for the Nation's Babies* because more than a year ago—long before we ever heard of any proposed Government Control—we made arrangements for a Record output for 1918, in the milk-producing countries best able to supply our needs for the RICHEST IN CREAM.

INSIST THEREFORE ON NESTLÉ'S MILK.

We wish to thank our numerous friends and customers for the splendid manner in which they have seconded and continue to assist our efforts, in seeing that Nestlé's Milk is distributed *first* for the purpose for which it was originally intended—FOR INFANT FEEDING—and we invite every Mother who appreciates the fair treatment received at our hands to immediately ask her grocer or store to nominate as their suppliers, the firm which throughout has given the BEST QUALITY AT THE LOWEST PRICE.

CASH PRICE 1/1½ PER TIN.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C. 3.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXIII. No. 612. **Week ending Saturday, February 23rd, 1918.** **One Penny.**

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

Coming Undone?

Mr. Lloyd George had a nasty hour of it the other day, in the Commons, and but for the persuasion of one of his closest political friends, would have "chucked up the job." We are glad of that—for this is not the time to "swop horses."

Mr. Asquith.

The most significant incident in the "crisis" was the further proof it gave of the remarkable way in which, quietly and unobtrusively, Mr. Asquith is regaining his mastery over the House. After all, blood *does* tell.

Political Cant.

Do let Ministers drop this cant about changing the Government if the country is not satisfied. As a matter of fact, the Government has very little to do with the conduct of the war, and until the soldiers and sailors have finished the job, "any old thing will do."

The King's Speech.

The King must have been somewhat annoyed to find the Speaker reading to the Commons a Speech different from the one read by His Majesty in the Lords. Of course, it *isn't* the King's Speech at all—it's the Prime Minister's.

The General Election.

We have reason to believe that the Government is most anxious to expedite the preparation of the new Registers, with a view to an early election. It is, doubtless, felt that the longer the appeal to the country is delayed, the less likely are Ministers to keep their posts.

Oats for Women.

Women aren't yet troubling about their vote. Just now, they're thinking less of the House of Commons than of the house of short-commons.

Ireland.

Alas, poor Ireland! Whatever be the outcome of the Convention, the old National Party is doomed. The era of "constitutional agitation" is ended. Redmond's rule is over.

Moon Week.

We suppose we must now be expecting further visits from the German Air-raiders. Meanwhile, Cologne and Berlin are looking on. Let us hope that Lord Rothermere will be spurred on, by the loss of a second son, to desperate Reprisals.

German Prisoners.

Perhaps Lord Rhondda will inquire into the rations of German prisoners? At present, they are receiving as much per head in one day as is to be allowed to the British public in a week.

The Lull.

Don't be depressed about the coming German offensive in the West. "Smiles across the sea" must be our motto.

Food Rations.

By the way, Tommy will be glad when he hears that Share and Share Alike is the order of the day with the food at home. The letters he receives from mothers and sisters about the queues have unsettled him a good deal lately. But he will be happier now.

What of the Workers?

But when we say Share and Share Alike, we mean in properly classified groups. For instance, a man engaged in hard manual labour requires a larger ration than a sedentary fellow like an Editor.

Is all Ready?

And let us express the hope that there will be no breakdown in the machinery, and that all will be ready for a smooth start on the 25th.

A Menace to Boxing.

One of the latest objections, by the way, to the rationing of meat is that there will be no more raw beef for black eyes!

A Separate Peace?

Rumour is busy with explanations of the recent visits of General Smuts and Lord Beaverbrook to Switzerland. Rumour always *is* busy.

"Tip and Run."

This is the name given by some of the papers to the recent enemy raid into Dover Straits. *Our* boys were playing at Hunt the Slipper! What they were doing on the following night perhaps, by this time, we shall have been told.

Our Newest Title.

The *Star* has christened us Lord Bottomley of Bullywayo. Our acknowledgments to Count Coe of Cocoatina.

Base Hospitals.

In view of the charge of "soullessness" levelled at these institutions by Mr. Smallwood, M.P., we have, by permission of the War Office, despatched a Special Commissioner to investigate matters on the spot.

Discharged Sailors and Soldiers.

Having effectively pricked the "Comrades of the Great War" bubble, we are now heartily co-operating with the Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers—which is the proper institution for ex-fighters to join.

The Palace Drains.

Who is responsible for the shameful statement that it is impossible to accept the King's offer of Buckingham and St. James' Palaces for the soldiers because of the defective drainage?

Greedy Girl!

They deliberately asked their daughters to skin themselves at night and go down to dinner so that men might inspect their lines." Thus Miss Abadam, according to the *Daily News*, at a meeting of the Women's Freedom League. Well, isn't *that* freedom enough?

That "Economy" Campaign.

So Mr. Clynes says the cost of Sir Arthur Yapp's Food-Economy campaign did not exceed £2,000. "We *don't* think." What, for instance, about those tons upon tons of unused printing still to be found in the store cupboards of the Ministry of Food?

Butter and Margarine.

Is Lord Rhondda quite satisfied that he will be able to honour all cards presented to shopkeepers on Monday?

A Poser!

We often get difficult questions to answer. Here is one of them—from a Cheltenham reader: "Will you kindly inform us working men how many of the Labour Representatives and Agitators there are who have really been apprenticed to the trade for which they are agitating, and who have a full and widespread knowledge of the wants and requirements of those for whom they are catering?" We *would*—but we can't.

"Vienna Doomed."

That is the considered judgment of Mr. A. G. Hales, who, as our readers are aware, is acting as our Correspondent on the Italian front. Wherefore watch Czernin.

Premium Bonds.

On another page we explain how, under the present law, such a project could be carried out. We invite readers to let us have their views, and should the response justify it, we shall in due course take the necessary steps to put the scheme into operation.

London "Specials."

Last week we paid a tribute to the splendid work done by the Red Cross Society during the recent disastrous "fire" at the premises of our printers. We also desire to testify to the plucky assistance rendered by the St. John Ambulance Brigade, under Superintendent McBride. Hats off, too, to the "E" Division of the "Specials," and their commanding officer, Captain M. W. Stuart.

Official Meanness.

And what do you think of the incredible meanness of the Government, which compels these gallant men to bear personally the loss due to damage to their uniforms caused by the fire—and amounting, in this case, to about £100?

Sunday Work and Pay.

Sunday work in certain departments at Woolwich Arsenal is supposed to be stopped, but the supposition must be a dream. The other Sunday, two munitioners of military age spent the day in the dangerous task of measuring whitewashing work. Their combined wages were 5s. 7d. per hour. At this rate we shall soon need two or three more tanks in Trafalgar Square.

To a Certain Clerk in Holy Hoarders.

'Tis butter little raided flour,
But oh! how dear to me!
I seem to taste thee every hour,
At breakfast, dinner, tea. . . . .
They might have put me in the Tower;
They've fined me £ s. d.—
'Tis but a little raided flour,
But oh! how *dear* to me.

Sugar by Wholesale.

A Thornton fish merchant, named Nordelli, was charged at Cupar with accumulating some sugar. By false pretences he had obtained the small quantity of 2 tons 14 cwt., and he had also hoarded 1 cwt. 82 lbs. of the sweet commodity. For each offence he was fined—sit tight and hold your breath—no less a sum than £2! We must admit the sugar was confiscated; otherwise there was no real punishment at all.

What Are War Risks?

According to the Shipping Controller the explosion at Halifax was not a war risk, and therefore sailors who lost their all in it are not entitled to a month's pay and £7 10s. for lost kit. The Admiralty and Board of Trade rule a similar negative in the case of a ship run down while under escort. It is idle to say such fatalities are not part of the risk of the war, and the official cheese-paring that decides against them discourages brave men.

A Shameful Tax.

Why does the Chancellor of the Exchequer impose income tax on soldiers' pensions, taking away with one hand what a more or less grateful country gives with the other? A discharged soldier puts his case, typical of goodness knows how many others. His weekly wage is £2 2s. 9d.—an income not chargeable to income tax. But he has a temporary Army pension of 13s. 9d. a week, and this makes him liable at the end of the year on £25 10s. It is altogether a mean impost.

Long-Winded.

On other occasions we have referred to the long-windedness of the Government in paying up for billets. We have the complaint before us again. A Ringwood (Hants) woman had a soldier billeted on her, and payment was not made till six days overdue. How do the Government expect a working man's wife to have money in hand out of his wages to keep a soldier thirteen days at the present price of food? We call it a gross incitement to her to pawn her good man's Sunday best.

Duds.

A resident within the second line of London's aerial defences—if the Gothas get past here they always reach London or its suburbs—draws our attention to the increasing number of dud shells fired by the batteries. In one neighbouring parish twenty-one duds were found in a recent week; and he surmises that "in the pastures there must be many more such which will never be found, being sunk too deep for a plough." We know something of dud shells in London also, of course, and often wonder how they get passed on to the gunners.

The Work and the Reward.

A Birmingham man, in humble circumstances, recently stopped a runaway horse, at great risk of life or limb. The horse belonged to Messrs. T. Piggott and Co., Ltd. This is the note he subsequently received from their works office to present to the cashier: "Memorandum. Please pay gratuity one shilling to man for stopping runaway horse." At least they might have made it half-a-crown and a bit of suet.

The Village P.O.

A discharged soldier man took over a shop at a village near Farnham, paying big money because he was told the Post Office went with the business. But, despite the highest references, the Farnham Postmaster refused to transfer the P.O. to the soldier, and gave it to somebody who has never smelt powder. To us it seems hard that a man and his family should be so treated after he has served his country, and we hope the people of that village will agree.

Constables and Whisky.

A charge against a Liverpool police-constable, of receiving stolen bottles of whisky, has been dismissed. A boy of sixteen, named Joyce, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment for stealing £300 worth of spirit. During the case it was alleged that the whisky was consumed by several members of the City Police Force. As several weeks have passed, and no more steps taken, it appears as though Joyce has been made the scapegoat and the affair hushed up to hide guilty constables, of whom as many as fifty are said to be implicated.

"No Fresh Herrings."

It is an old story that when retailers were allowed to charge 4s. 6d. apiece for rabbit, rabbit was a multifarious beast, and that when the price was put down to 1s. 9d., rabbit disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. It is a new story that now fresh herrings are priced 8d. a pound instead of 5d. each, there are no fresh herrings; they have mostly become, also in the twinkling of an eye, alleged bloaters at 10d. a pound. We say "alleged bloaters" because the retailer hangs the herrings out to dry as his missus hangs out her washing—and there you are, as Mr. R. G. Knowles used to say.

Ginger Beer Exemption.

Pembrokeshire Appeal Tribunal continued the exemption of a young fellow of 21, A, single. He happens to be employed by Mr. Sketch, Chairman of that Tribunal, and Chairman of the County Council, though that fact had, of course, nothing to do with the decision. (The reader may here pause to cough, or whistle, if inclined.) Perhaps it is considered the young man's work is of national importance, for he drives a lorry and delivers mineral waters. Pembrokeshire *must* get its stomach gas.

Commercial.

A Commercial Traveller, who writes to us on the state of things under his waistcoat, has biceps which would attract attention in any row. "As a body," he avers, "you will find the Knights of the Road—1918 variety—as patriotic and ready for sacrifices as any class in the community; but as matters stand now, we are merely asked to do without things and make sacrifices for the benefit of a lot of thieving and profiteering hotel proprietors, who are taking the fullest advantage of all the food regulations and giving us as little to eat as they possibly can." Our muscular friend may also throw things at the Food Controller if he wants to. His Lordship has limited hotel supplies, but he has not limited hotel prices.

For the P.M.G.

Some of the country postwomen must be having hard times. Long miles of tramping muddy lanes in all weathers, without uniform or official boots, at a wage of 16s. 6d. weekly, is not a life of luxury. There is room for improvement—lots of room.

Any Sex, Any Breed.

What, one wonders, is the nationality of Leon Mitchell, hairdresser, of 344, Lillie Road, Fulham? In the *Hairdresser's Journal* he advertises for an apprentice or improver—"any sex or nationality." Who are his customers we know not, but they are evidently going to risk some horrible slips with the razor if they turn up their throats to improve the talents of a youthful Hun.

Paper Galore.

When the Ministry of Munitions, Mechanical Warfare Supply Department, sends out an order for goods, this is how it wastes paper. The order may be for 6d. worth, or £1,000 worth, but 13 printed sheets of paper are attached. These are:—Order (white), slip for acknowledgment (white), instructions (buff), 4 transit notes (white, pink, and buff), 7 advice notes (printed red, black, blue, pink, green, buff, black), and claim form (light blue). Can nothing be done to stop this extravagance?

Penalty for Pity.

A young soldier, travelling from Leven to Dunfermline and back without rations, returned cold, and wet to the skin, and hungry. A baker had closed shop, when the soldier asked for a cup of tea. It was Saturday, and ten past nine, so the baker had to refuse, but, being humane and pitiful, he made up about 1s. worth of cakes and charged 6d. for them. For that terrible offence the Cupar bench mulcted him in 10s., calling it a "modified penalty." We call it a burning shame, without any modification whatsoever.

More Muscle.

With so many Controllers, Miscontrollers, and Uncontrollers abroad in the land, why not a Controller of Laundries? This brilliant idea has occurred to—well, if "B. M. S.," of Littlehampton, is a lady, she certainly has muscle. "Everything seems to be controlled except laundries," we are reminded. "They have put up the prices now, a bare-faced swindle; they lose your things, or if they don't lose them they tear 'em; and when they neither lose 'em nor tear 'em they send 'em back as they got 'em, barring a rub against other people's washing and a turn of the mangle. Could you please call attention——." By-the-way, has anybody found our shirt?

Poor Puss!

Advertisement from the *Irish Independent*: "Wanted, one thousand cats weekly for export. Skinless, 2s. 6d.; unskinned, 1s. 6d. Box——." The Germhuns are more hungry than we are, and, subject to available convoy, they may have 'em; but Erin will please understand that, if they are destined for food rations in this country, Lord Rhondda, while permitting a limited consumption of standardised horse sausage, firmly draws the line at poor pussy. Think of anticipating table delicacies for breakfast and in the morning finding some of them lapping up the milk and the rest sitting on the garden wall trying to catch sparrows. Also, if this advertiser thinks he can pass on his cats here as the missing four-shilling rabbits, he has mistaken his vocation. Or is our contemporary pulling the Saxon's leg?

Food for Seamen.

A seaman, home after a year at sea and unable to get sugar, suggests as a solution that "the Superintendent of each Shipping Office be provided with Food Cards, for issue to men paid off, cards to be returned when men again join ship." It's too simple for the Official Mind.

Immature Crops.

As the Boards of Agriculture and Food Control may be aware, potatoes are now growing. Has it struck them that there would be a vast saving of food if the sale of all immature crops were strictly prohibited? Twenty tons of small potatoes lifted will probably destroy the weight of two hundred tons.

A Case for a Medal.

A General Stores man assures us that we can "take it as a fact that grocers to-day are not getting a living profit on controlled goods." They certainly haven't been living on their losses. What with the swings, what with the roundabouts, and what with the weighing machines, the fair has never had such a time.

An Additional Obstacle.

Two discharged soldiers (one only has a small pension, compensation for being wounded five times) applied for munition work at Cardiff and were told they must first procure letters of recommendation from a clergyman. We protest that a soldier's character on his Discharge should cover all requirements. At the docks in the same town, 300 imported Irishmen were taken on; had Pat to produce a priestly certificate?

Other People's Money.

When Sunderland Town Council got busy in increasing the salaries of officials, Mr. S. G. Lawson had the pluck to protest, saying that "the Council had really gone mad over these continual recommendations for increase." Some fine day Councillors will realise that the money they fling away belongs not to them, but to the ratepayers.

By Order of "The Bird."

Manchester "Specials" last autumn raised £10,000 for the St. John Hospital, Etaples. On February 2nd, the cheque was handed over by Chief Constable Peacock, as per newspaper picture. The annoying part was a printed "Order," "directing every Special Constable" that he "must" be present. Had he a "valid reason" for absence, a Superintendent might "exercise discretion" in granting leave. Specials do quite enough voluntary duties.

Wait and *Don't* See.

At Folkestone a girl registered at the Exchange, on hearing that the Government needed women. In two weeks she was called on to fill in a W.A.A.C. enrôlment form, and with twenty more was told not to take any other employment. After twelve days she was medically examined, according to her story. Ten days later, she, and most of the twenty, were summoned to hear the news that, though they had passed the doctor and references were satisfactory, their services were not required. Money, time, and trouble spent in abject foolery!

Imports from Ireland.

There ought to be plenty of discharged soldiers capable of duty as attendants in St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton. Why, then, are men imported from Ireland to fill up the places of those who have left the institution for Army service?

York Hams for Show.

A grocer's shop-window in York displays many tins, each containing about 6 lbs. of "Cooked York Hams," ticketed to be exhibited at the Lyons Fair in March. The object is the capture of Hun trade in the delicacy after the war. But, meantime, and while we are short of bacon and ham, the sending abroad of big quantities for show purposes is quite inexcusable. We take it that dummy tins of York ham would not win gold medals, and, if these are full tins, they are needed at home.

"Fleeced."

A Glasgow man, now training as a gunner at Shoreham, has had born to him a child which he has not seen. His wife, unable to get fresh milk for the little one, went to a grocer for condensed milk. He gave her a card which she had to take for signature to a doctor, who charged 1s. for his signature; the grocer charged 1s. 1½d. for the condensed milk. "When I joined up," says the indignant gunner, "I did not think my wife would be fleeced in this way to get nourishment for our baby." What's the explanation?

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities Notorieties, and occasionally Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Minister of Munitions.

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—I think it might be a good thing if you could personally investigate the conditions prevailing at the Government Munition Factory at Gretna. It is said that this establishment shelters an altogether undue proportion of men of military age,—so much so, that the Annan Burgh Tribunal are reluctant to send more men into the Army until the factory has been compelled to contribute its share. As the facts before me, I am by no means certain that there is useful employment for the large number of skilled workers retained at this particular establishment. Please make sure.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord D'Abernon, Chairman, Liquor Control Board.

DEAR BEER LORD,—I am constantly receiving complaints from soldiers on leave from France that they have been unable to obtain reasonable refreshment, publicans having adopted the plan of serving only their "regular customers." This arrangement strikes me as being grossly unfair to the soldiers and a rank infringement of the principles upon which the public sale of liquor in this country has hitherto been conducted. Please look into the matter and see what can be done.

JOHN BULL.

To the Urban Tribunal, Leek, Staffs.

GENTLEMEN,—At a recent sitting you considered 36 appeals. You allowed 35 of them, giving extended exemption in each case, and you took one man for the Army. The man you claimed is only C2 category; many of those remaining are A and A1. Further, quite a number of them are merely working in mills, manufacturing artificial silk for coats and ties—surely not an essential industry. Pray turn over in your mind that you have a duty to perform; do it. You have a comb to your hand; use it.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. Llewellyn B. Williams, Penyrallwten, Altwen, Pontardawe, Glamorgan.

SIR,—Very properly, the Pontardawe Council have referred to the Local Government Board the Report of the Sanitary Inspector in regard to the disgraceful treatment of a soldier, Private Rees Owen Davies, employed on your farm in substitution work. I cannot say to what extent, if any, you have personal knowledge of the facts, but as the Sanitary Officer found the soldier sleeping in a hay-loft over the stables, "a place unfit for human habitation," the bedclothes consisting of "a carriage rug and some other clothing which were in a dirty condition," I think it must be evident to anybody that you have a serious accusation to answer. A farmer allowed to employ soldiers for substituted labour is under obligations of humanity, decency, and right feeling to treat them a little better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse; and this I hope the President of the Local Government Board will give all whom it may concern sharply to understand.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Goode, Liaison Officer of the Ministry of Food, American and Canadian Section, London.

DEAR GOODE,—I am glad to hear things are not so bad as they might be; which is always a comfort as far as it goes. To hear that the United States have 150,000,000 pounds of bacon and 35,000,000 pounds of frozen meat they can spare, that Mr. Hoover has asked the British Government whether they can do with it, and that the British Government are after it like greased lightning makes one hope for some of it for breakfast and dinner. According to you, everything has been arranged for landing it here "in just about as quick time by the Ministry of Food as was ever done by any great commercial concern." That's what I call some tidings; and if you will let me know at what shop the meat will be on sale and when, I shall do all I can to arise early and get in front of the procession for the early doors.

JOHN BULL.

To Mrs. Philip Snowden.

MADAM,—The effect of "evil communications" is proverbial, and I am not surprised to find you tainted with the heresies which are now your husband's stock in trade. "Peace at any price," you tell us, "would be better than the price the human race is paying to-day." In other words, for the sake of a squalid truce you would truckle to the bestial Hun, condone his infamies, forgetting and forgiving all that humanity and your sex in particular have suffered at the hands of a cruel foe. It makes decent men sick to read such stuff. In God's name, let us hear no more of such unreasonable folly. For the honour of womanhood, forbear.

JOHN BULL.

To Messrs. Thomas Barton, J.P., and George Duckworth, Southport.

GENTLEMEN,—You two public men have, I think, reason to congratulate yourselves on the decision of the local Magistrates in the charge made against you of food hoarding. One of you has been for a quarter of a century a Magistrate—the other is a member of the Southport Council; and I tell you frankly the times are such and the offence is so flagrant that the pernicious example such men as you set is not adequately punished by a fine they can easily pay, or a mulct for costs which they do not feel. You, Mr. Barton, were proved to have hoarded 240 pounds of flour; you, Mr. Duckworth, 68 pounds of bacon and 41 tins of salmon; and yet you were let off. Why? For no other reason than that you were prosecuted on the day of the publication of the offer of grace which Lord Rhondda made to food-hoarders who disgorged their ill-gotten supplies, although such indemnity was specifically stated not to apply to hoarders against whom prosecutions were pending! Otherwise, said the Chairman of the Bench (with complete disregard of the spirit of Lord Rhondda's concession), severe penalties would have been inflicted." Which is luck.

JOHN BULL.

MY "PREMIUM BOND" SCHEME.

PRIZES FOR ALL—GOVERNMENT SECURITY FOR CAPITAL—REASONABLE INTEREST.

By Horatio Bottomley.

I DO not propose to discuss the "ethics" of Premium, or Prize, Bonds—I leave that to Sunday School teachers, and others of that ilk. And, indeed, what I am about to propose isn't, strictly speaking, a Premium Bond scheme at all; it is the same thing in another form—with the advantage of being perfectly legal. But to make it understood, I had better first of all explain what Premium Bonds are. They are Loans issued by the State at a given rate of interest, a portion of which interest is held back to form a Prize Fund—which is distributed periodically by means of Drawings, just like a Lottery. Let us suppose the Government were to-day to issue (*as it will do before long*) a Loan in this way of, say, one hundred million pounds, at five per cent. The interest on that sum would come to Five Millions a year. Well, the Government would pay only Three per cent., or three millions a year—leaving two millions for Prizes. Thus every subscriber would have a Government security for his capital, with a reasonable rate of interest, and also the chance of winning one or more of the Prizes into which the two millions would be divided. See? Not very wicked, is it?

The Lottery Act.

But it happens that over a hundred years ago an Act was passed—the lawyers call it "42 George III., c. 119"—which is known, colloquially, as the "Lottery Act." It is supposed to prohibit everything and anything in the shape of a lottery, but, as a matter of fact, it was passed for the express purpose of authorising a State lottery at that time (for the raising of war revenue, by the way!) and of forbidding the promotion of any private lotteries in competition with it. Well, under that Act it is an offence for any person to offer for sale "Chances of Prizes," and as Premium Bonds, of the kind I have described, clearly come within the definition, it is illegal for any private person—or for that matter, for any public body—to issue them without first obtaining the sanction of Parliament. That such sanction will ultimately be given, at any rate to the State, there can be no doubt; but we are a slow-moving and conventional people—and it will take a little more time to educate the faddists and goody-goodies. In the meantime, the working classes will continue to look with indifference upon most of the appeals to invest their savings in War stock. A man with ten pounds to spare is not attracted by the prospect of getting ten shillings a year by way of interest; but give him, say, five shillings a year—with the security of the nation for the capital—and the prospect of winning a big cash prize, and he will snap at the chance. I heard the other day of a man who was studying the "£1 for 15s. 6d. poster." "When do I get the quid?" he asked his companion. "In five years' time," was the reply. Whereupon our friend put back the money in his pocket, observing, ".Well, that's no good to me." And such is human nature all the world over. Quite recently, as you are aware, one or two enterprising firms have placed several millions of War Loan by simply offering relatively small prizes, out of their own pockets—whilst much of the success of the provincial Tanks has been achieved in a similar way. But we can't expect that sort of offer to go on for ever; and it is in these circumstances that I have been considering how, without in any way violating the law, the thing may be done.

How It Can Be Done.

And I have hit upon a scheme under which (1) The State would receive the benefit of the money; (2) Subscribers would have absolute Government security for their money; (3) They would receive reasonable interest; and (4) They would have the chance of winning substantial Prizes.

Here is the scheme: I propose that a War Stock Combination be formed with shares of 15s. 6d. each. Each 15s. 6d. will go direct to the Government for the purchase of a War Savings Certificate—so that there will be no "sale" by the promoters of the scheme of anything—not a penny piece coming into their hands. The first issue could be limited to 100,000 shares—which would mean that the Government would receive £77,500. Now in due course the Government would redeem these Certificates at their face value—£100,000—the difference—£22,500—representing Compound Interest. That sum—£22,500—would, of course, be the property of the subscribers, *and they would be at liberty to do whatever they like with it.* And this is what I propose they *should* do. The £100,000 War Savings Certificates would be lodged with Trustees, elected by the subscribers, and such Trustees would be authorised to distribute *at once* the sum of £10,000 in Prizes—that is, nearly half the interest would be so distributed; the other half (representing about 3 per cent. on the capital) being paid to each subscriber independently of Prizes. In other words, every subscriber gets his capital back at the end of five years, from the Government; he gets 3 per cent. on his money in the meantime—*and he gets the chance of winning one or more of the Cash Prizes.*

The Trustees would have no difficulty in arranging for the necessary money to pay the Prizes and the Interest pending the redemption of the Certificates, and as soon as one Combination was completed, others could follow. Thus there should be a constant stream of money flowing into the Exchequer—and a constant stream of Prizes flowing into the pockets of the public. The scheme is perfectly legal, and I am prepared to defend it against all the lawyers in the land.

Now what do you think of it? If it appeals to you, let me know; and if sufficient support is promised, I will lose no time in putting the scheme into operation.

THE MONS MEDALS.

WHY THE MEN ARE FORCED TO WAIT.

We have pointed out how quickly the munition workers were served with badges, whilst the men of Mons have been waiting for months for their decoration. As regards the War Office excuse that labour shortage is the reason for the delay, there is only this to be said—it is utterly untrue. There is no shortage of labour for the purpose. The medals could have been made ten times over, but for the waste of time in the Contract Department in placing the order, and the stupidity of those responsible in insisting that the dies should be made at the Royal Mint. The munitioners got their badges quickly because the Ministry of Munitions is a thousand times smarter and more business-like than the Army Contract Department. When it wanted badges, it sent tenders to various makers up and down the country, and got them. When the War Office department responsible for the issue of the Mons medal wants goods, it usually tries to place orders for them either with the Royal Mint or with a few specially favoured firms, who cannot make half the badges required. This Contract Department is as much or more bound up with red tape and officialism as it was before the war. The majority of those responsible for ordering the goods have not the slightest technical knowledge of their manufacture. They order badges and make alterations in them without the remotest idea of the extra and sometimes costly work entailed. Any ordinary die-sinker could in a week remodel the whole of the badges in the British Army so as to halve the labour involved in their production.

WHERE MEAT IS PLENTIFUL.

A VERY PLAIN HINT TO LORD RHONDDA.

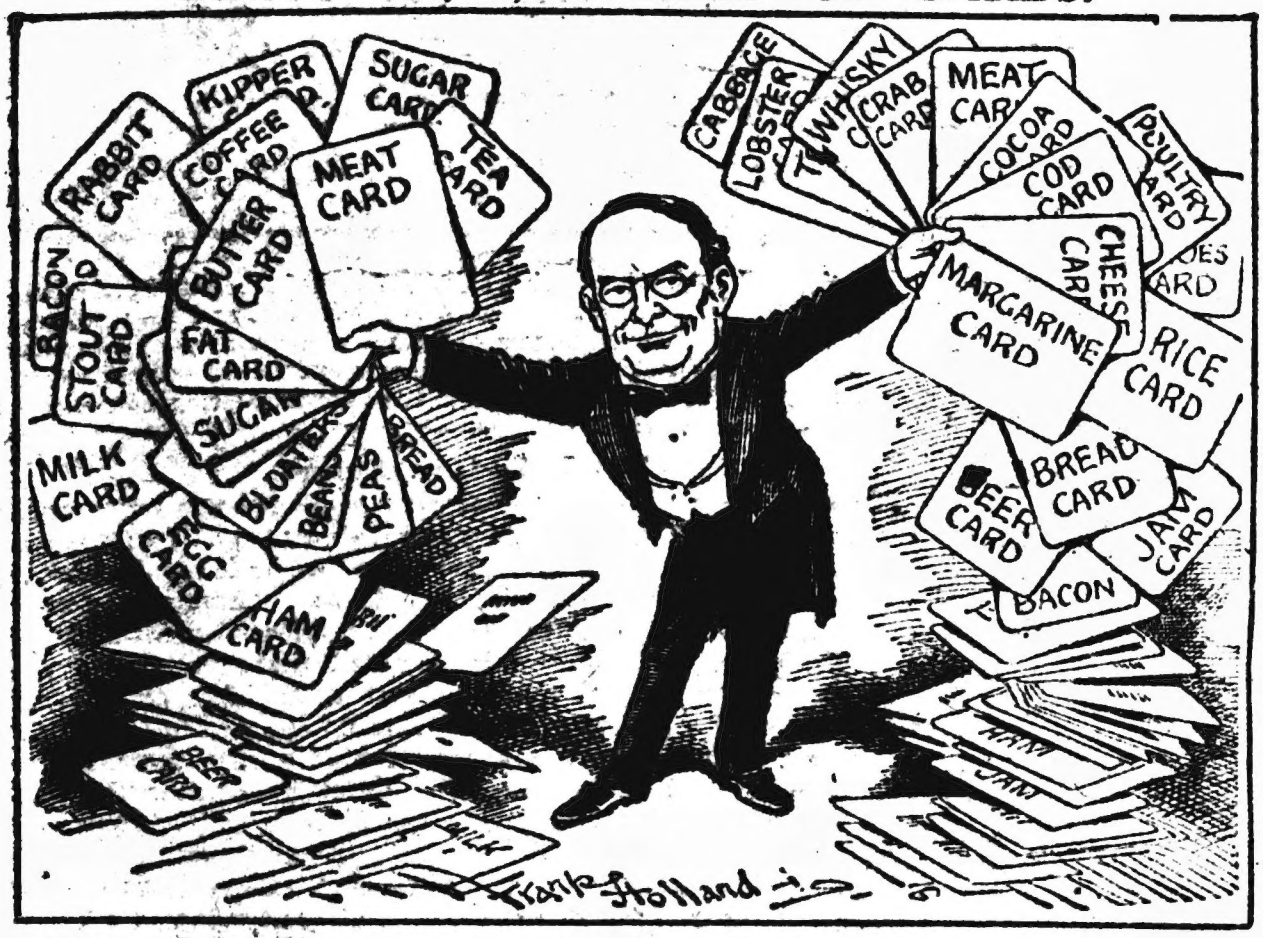
Most people think that the shortage of meat is caused entirely by the shortage of tonnage, plus a world-shortage of cattle. Neither is the whole truth of the matter. We have often demanded to know why live cattle from the River Plate are not imported into England. It is not because of the absence of vessels; it is because for some curious reason somebody at the Board of Agriculture still fears foot and mouth disease. Suppose, for the sake of argument, that there is a slight shortage in Argentine cattle. Well, there would have to be a very big drop indeed to make it not worth our while to take toll. For, during the years 1896 to 1899, we imported from the Argentine an average, annually, of 80,000 cattle and 380,000 sheep—that is, *about* 34,000 *tons of meat.* Is that an amount which can be neglected when our ration is to be 15 ozs. a week? But, if the Board strafes the River Plate, we are prepared to tell them of a Central American State from which they can collect monthly from 4,000 to 5,000 head of cattle with a live weight of 800 lbs. each. The cost would be £4 a head, delivered at a good shipping port with 36 feet of water alongside the jetty. In the State are 1,500,000 head of cattle. Every week the number is increased by 5,000 head. Labour is plentiful. Traders are eager to sell. The local authorities are anxious to help—in order to open up the trade. And plenty of other foodstuffs can be had on demand. Why doesn't Lord Rhondda take advantage of the offer? Perhaps he hasn't the address. Well, we will give it him. But he mustn't turn the matter over to one of those Permanent Officials!

SEVEN WEEKS IN A SHELL-HOLE.

STORY OF A GALLANT PARTNER IN ENDURANCE.

Private J. Taylor, as the world knows, received the D.C.M. for his splendid spirit of endurance in staying seven weeks in a shell-hole, with a bullet in his thigh, and so avoiding capture by the enemy. Whilst heartily congratulating Private Taylor on his wonderful pluck, let us add that there is another gallant aspect of the story, and we propose to tell it. Taylor had a companion, as he has related, who went out one night and did not return. That man was Private Peters. He was wounded slightly in the hand, the other man badly in the thigh. So Peters stuck in that shell-hole for six weeks to aid his helpless mate in misfortune. The hole was 300 yards behind the German lines, but Peters went out every night to obtain food and drink for both. It was within the power of Peters to save himself by getting back to our lines, but he would not desert a man who could do nothing for himself. That was not his way. And he suffered for his self-sacrifice. For, one night—probably the 5th August—he went out, on his usual excursion of danger and difficulty, and failed to return. He was captured by the Germans, and Taylor—thus deprived of his food-finder—contrived by pluck and endurance to drag himself into our lines and safety. There can be little doubt that he owes his freedom and probably his life to the devotion of Peters, for whom, surely, there will be some reward and distinction in due course. His regiment knows the story as we now tell it, and its verdict is: "His gallantry in sticking to Private Taylor was beyond all praise. We are all very proud of him." General opinion will endorse that verdict.

RHONDDA, THE KING OF CARDS.



Give us cards for meat and sugar, Rhondda,
Cards for bread and cheese;
Ham and eggs and margarine,
Or anything you please—

We'll take all the cards you deal us,
And our "hand" we'll boldly back,
So long as one—*The Winning Card*—
Is somewhere in the pack.

SLOW WORK AT A FIRE.

A LESSON FOR EVERY BRIGADE IN THE COUNTRY.

In these burning and explosive days it behoves every authority to overhaul its Brigade arrangements, appointments, and fittings. A belated answer to a call, or insufficient or worn-out appliances, might in one dread moment lead to loss of valuable life and to public disaster. As an instance in point, take what happened at a fire in a high building in Redcar. Five persons were saved because a man, at the risk of his life, managed to get them through a top window and so to the roof of a house two doors away.

In the stirring times in which we live, the actions of heroes in private life often pass unacknowledged. We are glad to be able to put on record so gallant an action. There were two women, two children, and a man in their night attire up there awaiting assistance, a neighbour having gone for the Fire Brigade. Redcar's alarm "system" is antiquated, for there is none in working order, and the firemen had to be summoned singly from their several abodes. When they did arrive at the scene of the fire, it took about twenty minutes to get any water to the blaze. When the water was turned on, it spurted out from cracks in the hose. So the burst parts were disconnected, and new parts fitted.

All being in order at long last, they went ahead, but the jet carried only to the second storey. As the building was a four-storey one, the fire burned on without much interference, and the premises were gutted. The fire escape was out of order, and ladders had to be lashed together before the shivering five could be taken from the roof, one hour and twenty minutes having been passed in that elevated and uncomfortable situation. The story as we have told it is sufficient to show Redcar Urban Council the necessity for putting its Fire Brigade—which it has for years past treated more or less as a side-show, subordinating efficiency to economy—in order. It is deplorable that the capable and gallant men of the Brigade should have been so handicapped in their vital work. And we have told it, also, as an object lesson to other Councils and other Brigades.

"ANYBODY LIKE OUR MEAT?"

"JOHN BULL" RECEIVES A FUNNY FOOD RATION.

What with the slump in cattle and what with the boom in cats, some of the editorial associates of our office are beginning to look as if they were not well. Some of them say they don't feel well. Care seemed to sit upon their furrowed brows—their eyes, once so hawk-like, were dimmed; they had become listless and apathetic. It was difficult to discern the cause of this disconcerting change, until we heard that a few days before there arrived at the receiving office of this veracious chronicle of human and inhuman things a small parcel of somebody's tender-cut.

It looked like a bit off a copper-coloured coon and smelt like nothing else on earth. As it was too late for dinner and nobody would have it for tea we cremated it, or buried it, or—anyhow, we gave it to the office boy to do as he liked with; and as he is alive yet, and we have not heard of any horrible sufferings in his family, it is safe to assume that he didn't take it home to mother. Accompanying this small joint was a note from a lady living at Clapham Junction, opening thus: "Dear Sir,—I am sending a sample of meat, supplied by a local butcher, and shall be glad if you can tell what sort it is. The price charged was 1s. 4d. per lb.; that, with a piece of shin of beef, 1s. 3d. lb., came to 6s. 8d., and in order to obtain that I was in a queue for over three hours. I took it to the Town Hall at Battersea, and was told they had several complaints to-day of meat. There were two others also there with meat from the same shop; they said they didn't think it was horseflesh but admitted they wouldn't like to eat it, especially after waiting three hours for it. They simply took our names and addresses. Shall be glad if you could tell me if it is horseflesh. There must have been a great number served with it after me."

We would not swear to the species of beast from which the meat as it reached this office was carved. If it is part of a race-horse it is certainly not one we have ever backed, even as a loser. In any case it is meat, the source of which deserves to be carefully investigated.

THE MAGISTRATE AND THE CAT.

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE GARDEN OF EASBY HALL.

Quite recently we commented on the conduct of Mr. Robert Harold Jaques, of Easby Hall. This person, who is a County Magistrate, tried by summons to eject from her cottage the wife of a wounded soldier. The Magistrates at the Richmond (Yorks) Police Court refused to grant an Ejectment Order, and we expressed a hope that 'new light might dawn upon the darkness of Easby Hall." Unfortunately a darker tale of that residence has since come into light. On Saturday, February 9th, Robert Harold Jaques made another appearance before the Magistrates—this time as a defendant—the cruelty alleged against him being calculated and continued. Mr. Jaques was in his garden, accompanied by his three dogs, when those animals began to chase a cat. The poor cat climbed a tree, for refuge.

Let us quote the report of a local newspaper: "Defendant left the dogs barking and jumping beneath the tree, and returned with a long pole. He then mounted a shed near the tree, and, it was alleged, prodded the animal vigorously with the pole for nearly an hour, the cat meanwhile setting up piteous cries." That scene, as told in Court, is terrible, and the sequel, as alleged, is equally distressing: "During this time the dogs were barking and yelping as if in anticipation of their prey, and defendant, it was stated, seemed to be encouraging them. Ultimately the cat was dislodged from the tree, and fell to the ground, and was worried to death by the dogs." We will at once state what was contended in defence of Mr. Jaques: "On seeing the cat in the tree, with the dogs around it, he endeavoured with the pole to catch the animal by the collar in order to rescue it. He did secure the cat, but while getting off the shed with it in his arms he slipped and the cat escaped and was caught by the dogs."

Mr. Watson, representing the R.S.P.C.A., at once pointed out that if defendant had wished to save the animal he could have taken his dogs away and fastened them up, and left the cat to look after its own safety. That argument evidently impressed the Bench as clear and convincing, for the Chairman, Lord Zetland, proceeded to impose a penalty of £25, with £2 12s. 6d. costs. Against that decision Mr. Jaques has promptly given notice of appeal. We have outlined the proceedings as they happened in Court, and can only suggest, for the present, that they appear to confirm our previous opinion that Mr. R. H. Jaques, of Easby Hall, must be rather a nice person for a County Magistrate.

A PINCH IN THE POT.

EXPENSIVE POWDER FIGURING AS A TEA-SAVER.

Some old ladies consider that a pinch of bi-carbonate of soda added to the teapot makes their loved infusion "draw" better. They buy their "soda-bic." by the pennyworth, not being introduced to the mysteries of "Teesave," which costs a lot more. "Teesave" comes from 26, Publicity House, New Southgate, N., and is advertised under the fascinating heading, "Tea 1s. Pound!" The vendor announces he has "just received another consignment of goods," and offers "2 months' supply for 2s. 6d., six months, 7s. Smaller quantities not supplied."

The statement is deliberately made that "Teesave is an infusion of the finest Teas, etc., procurable." (We like that "etc." It is eloquent of much.) You are directed to use half the usual quantity of tea, together with one quarter-teaspoonful of Teesave, the result being "better, stronger, and more delicious." The sample of the stuff before us does not look a bit like "an infusion of the finest teas," but we admit it has an appearance of the *etcetera*. It resembles badly-discoloured bi-carbonate of soda, original value about one penny. It certainly tastes like it. We cannot, therefore, recommend its purchase at 2s. 6d. or 7s., for at such figures Teesave looks not like saving tea, but like wasting money.

SHOT AT

A TRENCH TRAGEDY—PLEA FOR THE

By THE

I HAVE often pleaded the cause of Tommy. To-day I want to plead that of the young officer—the mere boy, who at his country's call left his profession, his University, his home, to take command—as he well knew at the risk of his life—over those who, content with the rôle of private, had also rallied to the Colours. It is common knowledge that some of these fine fellows—fired with the purest sentiments of patriotism, but lacking in that *morale* which comes only from actual experience in the grim game of war—have, under the pressure and strain of active service, broken down; and that, true to the "soulless" spirit of the King's Regulations, as interpreted by discipline-hardened superior officers, they have been called upon to pay the "extreme penalty" for their failure. Tragedies of this kind have come to my knowledge, and in lifting the veil from one of them my sole aim is to secure a broader and more humane consideration for these tyros in the Great Game of War. I propose to tell the story of a young officer who failed at a moment of severe trial, yet who in the end faced death at the muzzles of the rifles of his own comrades with splendid fearlessness. I tell this story because, after having made such inquiries as are possible into it, I believe there was a grave miscarriage, if not of justice, shall I say of mercy? Remember, it is very difficult to get at the bottom-rock truth of a case of this kind. When this young officer was condemned to ignominious death there was a shudder of horror throughout his Division—there were cries of pain and of protest. It is, however, the soldier's duty not to question authority, but to "carry on," and above all not to talk. In this case talk was inevitable—feelings were too poignant for complete silence, and if to-day, many months after that lad's life was forfeited in the cold grey of dawn, I feel it my duty to link up the facts, it is because I believe that out of it good may come and a reform be effected in our system of Courts Martial which may save precious life, and stem that awful current of human misery which flows when parent and son are separated by the terrible gulf of a military execution.

The Story of the "Crime."

My story concerns a young fellow, 21 years of age, the scion of a long line of fighting men. Truth to tell, he had little taste for land warfare, having, faithful to the traditions of his house, joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve after the outbreak of hostilities, and being transferred against his wish to the land branch of the force. You remember the wonderful fight at Beaumont Hamel, when the Royal Naval Division—those splendid boys who gained their first glory in the fiasco of Antwerp—was badly mauled by the enemy. Well, our young friend was there. From all I have been able to learn, he was a popular officer, but not a particularly efficient one. The spirit was in the lad, but the capacity for command was weak. He lacked the temperament for responsibility; he could face a certain danger, as his wonderful death disclosed, with more courage than he could step into the darkness and the unknown. The Commanding Officer was not unaware of his shortcomings, and when his battalion went into the thick of it he was left behind. But the Hoods and the Nelsons and the Hawkes all had a bad time of it; the officers' casualties were terrible, and there was a sudden call for the filling of the gaps. It was then that this young officer, together with another, was given a map and told to find their battalion at a place marked on it. But let the dead man tell the story in his own words. It is part of a letter written to a chum on December 13th, after he had already been under close arrest for a month:—

> We went up the line and took over the right sector for four days; there we were relieved and returned to our old billets, and my Company, with others, during that night took up our position, and things went fairly well until late in the morning, when I was detailed to go up and replace casualties—you were in that scrap, so there is no need to explain how many. I crossed "No Man's Land" later in the afternoon, but could not find a man belonging to my unit. My companion went off with a crowd we met, but as I still held hopes of finding the Company, I rambled about and lost touch with everybody, and my nerves, not being strong, were completely strung up. I met another officer, who says he ordered me to join up with the party, but this I did not do, but wandered about still looking for my own unit. In the meantime this gentleman went back and sent a startling message of sorts to B.H.Q., with the result that they are trying to kick me out of it, but up to now (the 13th December) the evidence given is not strong enough to cause a "sitting." And that is what happened to me in the biggest advance—luck, isn't it? It makes me sick to think of it, and they have now kept me a month hanging on. I am hoping for news any day now, and if there is nothing in it I do not see why I should worry my people by telling them. Now I have all the Company letters to censor, so please excuse more.

The Lad's Own Account.

To what extent this account of what happened was borne out at the Court Martial I am not prepared to say. The charge was, "desertion in the face of the enemy," in that he failed to join his battalion in the line when ordered to do so. There was another count, I believe—conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. It is only fair to admit that the young man may have been putting the very best complexion on the incidents which led up to his arrest, trial and death. But this I do say, that subsequent events certainly give some sort of colour to his narrative. The difficulty of arriving at the truth is that no one is allowed to see the Minutes of Evidence of a Court Martial—not even the parents. If you want disclosure you must prosecute the Officers who composed the Court! What is more, the only record of the evidence at the trial was that taken down laboriously in writing, although by King's Regulations a shorthand-writer may be requisitioned. I believe, however, it was stated by the principal witness for the prosecution that he met the officer, and although junior to him ordered him to take some stragglers to the front trench, and that he refused—saying he should return to B.H.Q. for orders—and left to return, while his brother officer, who had started out with him, obeyed and took up the stragglers. Well, here is another letter, written by the dead man on Christmas Eve, when he had been a prisoner for six weeks, and when he was still under the belief that the risk of a Court Martial was fading into the distance:—

> I hear you are worrying about me more than is necessary. I will explain my present situation so as to relieve your mind. I was surplus, and was sent off at five minutes' notice. I went up with another officer of my battalion who was senior by one ring. We reported ourselves at Brigade Headquarters as instructed by our Lieutenant-in-Command. At that time they had lost touch with the battalion, so we waited for an hour or so in their dug-out awaiting orders, which we got—at least, the other man got them, and then after a lot of trouble I got them to tell me what they were and we both proceeded towards Boche overland. There was considerable hostile artillery, gas shells and tear shells falling all round us, and snipers were all over the place; we had very narrow shaves more than once. We could not find our unit and rambled about.
>
> When it was dark we met a body of men with an officer in charge; they were wanted by Col. Freyberg, V.C.; there was much confusion and disorder going on, and my nerves became strung to the highest extreme. I found that my companion had gone off somewhere with some men. The officer who was leading the party we met was my "one and only enemy," so we were not polite to each other, and as he is junior to me I practically ignored him except for telling him I was going back to B.H.Q., which I had left an hour or two before in daylight, but finding those places was not as easy a matter as I thought, with the result that I got lost for the second time. I found an N.C.O. of the old A Company—we rambled about until he fell down for want of sleep, but I managed to get him along. Later my voice was recognised by some more men of the old A Company who were lost; they attached themselves to me, saying they also were looking for B.H. Quarters. B.H.Q., however, were not to be found that night. My nerves were completely gone and my head was singing. About then we came across a funk hole, and there we stayed. However, my "enemy" had gone back behind his supports and sent a startling message to B.H.Q. concerning me. I have been under close arrest ever since November 14th.
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> On November 8th I put in an application to the Commanding Officer telling him my reasons for wanting to return to sea on account of my nerves not being able to stand the strain. He told me he was just the same as I, so I let it slide at that, as I did not want everyone to say that I was trying to "swing the lead" as others had done

DAWN!

BOY OFFICER—COURT MARTIAL REFORM.

EDITOR.

I have obeyed orders, and that is all I care about it. Things are very one-sided just now, but as soon as I have my little say in the matter it will alter their colour altogether. Now that is as much as you can know of what happened as if you had found out for yourself.

And now comes the tragedy. On Boxing Day this boy officer was summoned before a Court Martial to be tried for his life. That in itself is sad enough in all conscience, but what is to be said when I tell you that he did not see the officer who was to defend him until half-an-hour before the trial? And yet between the day of his offence and the hour of trial, no less than six weeks had elapsed. This may or may not be in accordance with the usual procedure, but it seems to me, as a layman, that during the whole preliminary inquiry into any serious charge against an officer he should be afforded the fullest opportunity of legal assistance. Such a right is conceded in civil life to the meanest criminal. That is my first indictment of a system which, in the interests of justice and humanity, must be reformed—and at once. It is conceivable that if an accused soldier's case was properly conducted at the preliminary stage, it might not pass to the point of a Court Martial. But bad as is the existing practice—it is a travesty to say, as does the Manual of Military Law, that the procedure is on all fours with that of our British Courts of Justice—it becomes criminal when we reflect what happened in this case. The officer who defended may have been the finest advocate at the Bar. But I say, solemnly, that it was an outrage to expect that man to play the part of the "Soldier's Friend" almost at a moment's notice. I challenge denial of the statement that Counsel did not see the prisoner—a lad on trial for his life—until half-an-hour before the Court opened. And what of the Court? It was composed of Officers, from a Brigadier-General downwards, all superior in rank to the Sub-Lieutenant whose fate rested in their hands. Is this trial by one's peers? Read this: "In trials before Courts-Martial the members of the Courts both find the facts and lay down the law, and thus perform the functions of both judge and jury. It therefore becomes their duty, when applying their minds to questions of fact in the capacity of jurymen, to consider themselves bound by the rules which in the case of an ordinary trial by jury are laid down by the Judge." And that is what is expected of officers who may be, and generally are, entirely ignorant of law. It is true a Deputy Judge Advocate assists them, but it is they who are called upon to play the dual rôle of judge and jury. That in this case they did not do their level and honest best I am not going to suggest for an instant. But considering that the principal witness was an officer whom the accused described as his "one and only enemy," I ask what opportunity had the defending officer of eliciting evidence as to credibility and antecedents when he was pitchforked into the trial at the last moment? The grossest criminal who ever lived would, under the protecting wing of British Justice, have had a fairer run for life—that I say with the utmost deliberation.

Guilty, But Recommended to Mercy.

Well, the lad was tried and found guilty, with a strong recommendation to mercy. What became of that recommendation? That needs answering. Mercy was urged on several grounds: the accused was young; it was dark when he lost his way in seeking to find B.H.Q.; there was great disorder, and hundreds of men were retiring at the time. From what he said and wrote, the poor boy evidently thought that the worst that would befall him would be the loss of his Commission. He knew of the sentence of death, but he knew of the recommendation to mercy. All he could do was to wait and hope. You see, although there is a Court of Criminal Appeal for a foul murderer—Voisin, who killed and cut up a Frenchwoman, has just had his chance in our Courts—there is none for an Officer or a Private. "There is not, in the ordinary sense of the word," says the Manual already quoted," any appeal from the decision of a Court Martial." He waited, and the blow fell with sharp and cruel suddenness. One night, at the place to which he had been taken by two brother officers, they were playing cards, when another officer entered, opened a big blue envelope, and read out the Death Warrant—he was to be Shot at Dawn! Not much time to make peace with God—just a quiet hour with the Padré—Heaven bless them in their mission of comfort—just a last letter to the dear ones at home: just a fitful sleep, and then death in the chill dawn of a winter's day. Here is his letter:

France, January 4, 1917.

DEAREST MOTHER MINE,—I hope by now you will have had the news. Dearest, I am leaving you now because He has willed it. You know all and you will have forgiven me all the past as a child. My sorrow to-night is for the trouble I have caused you and dad.

Please excuse any mistakes, but if it were not for the kind support of the Rev. W. C.—— who is with me to-night, I should not be able to write myself. I should like you to write to him, as he has been my *friend*.

I am leaving all my effects to you, dearest; will you give my little —— half the sum you have of mine?

Give dear Dad my love and wish him luck. I feel for you so much and I am sorry for bringing dishonour upon you all. Give —— my love. She will, I expect, understand—and give her back the presents, photos, cards, etc., she has sent me, poor girl.

So now dearest Mother, I must close. May God bless and protect you all now and for ever more.—Amen.

And here is a covering note from the good Padré:—

I enclose your boy's last letter to his mother. I want you to understand he wrote it entirely by himself, his mind being as clear and thoughtful as anyone could wish; not a tremor or moment of fear. When his end had been carried out (by order of G.C.M.), I accompanied his body in an ambulance-car several miles away to a beautiful little cemetery, near a small town quite close to the sea, and here we buried him with the Church of England Service. A cross will soon be erected over his grave. Leave it to me, and I will see that it is done, before our hurried departure to another part of France.

Can you picture that final scene? The prisoner tied to a stake; there was no need—he faced death fearlessly, but the cords cut him and he protested—his eyes bandaged, his identification disc suspended just over his left breast. The firing party, half-hidden in a trench. No time is wasted. And yet there comes the cry, "For God's sake, put me out of my misery—this suspense is *killing* me!" And as the rifles make their first click, "Well, boys, good-bye! For God's sake, shoot straight." And this from one who stood there and saw it all: "He was no coward; he behaved like a pukka white man." And this from the lad himself, in that dread hour: "Yes, I can face this, but I couldn't face the Boche."

The Right of Appeal.

Let me say this: the crime for which a soldier dies the death is one for which the officer should die twice. We are at grips with a foe who carries discipline to such a point that death is a common penalty. We cannot afford in these days to be maudlin or over-sentimental. But we must be just. "The quality of mercy is not strained; it droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven." And when we remember how many and varied are the types of youths called to command men before they have learned to command or control even themselves, it is necessary that lapses—errors of omission or commission—due to terrible surroundings, operating upon sensitive temperaments, should be viewed with some regard for the circumstances and conditions under which our gallant and glorious citizen-army was brought into existence. Let me repeat, I am not calling for the abolition of the death penalty for military offences—offences which conceivably involve the fate of thousands of others and in their cumulative effect might lose us the war. We have seen how Kerensky's mad denial of the extreme penalty in the Russian army precipitated ruin and defeat. But I do urge, with all the power at my command, that these Courts-Martial, before which young men and officers are arraigned on charges involving the death penalty, should be conducted—first, with every safeguard for the due exercise of justice, and that recommendations to mercy, coming from the only Court which has seen the accused and the witnesses against him, should be given their fullest weight. A soldier risks his life to fight. That is no reason why his life should be held more cheaply than the life of a civilian. Public opinion will never tolerate injustice to the soldier just *because* he is a soldier—and the least I plead for is that all death sentences passed by Field Courts Martial should be subject to review by a competent appeal tribunal. The present system, under which the proceedings are reviewed by the Judge Advocate General, is an absurdity.

HEARD IN THE TRAIN.

ON THE CARDS.

PRECOCIOUS CHILD: But, mother, teacher says ——

DISTRACTED MOTHER: Oh, bother teacher, and the cards too. I'd sooner stand in a queue, having a friendly chat—that I would.

FATHER: Don't git impatient with the kid, mother. Now it's come to 'avin' food cards it's jest as well to understand 'em. Course, it's all bin explained in the papers, but it ain't everybody wot kin grasp it. So it's jest as well fur the kid to ——

MOTHER (*indignantly*): I *think* I can grasp wot's in the papers as easy as most people. It ain't for the want of bein' able to grasp it, but for the want of 'avin' the time to *read* the papers, toilin' an' moilin', and workin' me fingers to the bone from mornin' to night.

FATHER: That's wot I ses. You ain't got the time to study the thing out prop'ly, so it's jest as well the kid there kep' 'er 'ears open an learnt wot 'er teacher was tellin' of 'er.

MOTHER: I never sed it wasn't as well, did I? I only 'ope she *did* keep 'er ears open—that's all. Fur if it come to dependin' on wot 'er father can tell 'er the pore child 'ud be in a nice 'ole, I'm sorry to say.

FATHER (*warmly*): I never proffessed to know nuthink about the bloomin' cards, did I?

MOTHER (*with an expressive sniff*): No; but you reads the papers pretty reg'lar, don't yer? There ain't enough racin' news in 'em to take up orl the time you spend on 'em, *I'm* shore.

FATHER: That ain't the point. The question is, 'ave you filled up the cards prop'ly, or 'ave you not? The kid there ses you 'aven't, becos accordin' to wot 'er teacher ses, you've ——

MOTHER: I tell yer, I'm sick an' tired of 'earin' about 'er teacher. If you was 'arf a man you'd 'ave filled up the cards yerself, instead of walking 'arf over London every evenin' tryin' to find a pub w'ere they've got a drop o' beer.

FATHER: Now then, now then! That'll do, I tell yer! Tryin' to make me look a fool in front of other people.

MOTHER: That don't want no 'elp from me, I'm sorry to say. If you *must* keep on jawin' about the food cards, talk to the kid an' give me a rest. Ethel, tell yer father orl about it.

CHILD: Mother's got to write her name and address on the lines B, D and E, and teacher says that instead of five pen'orth of meat you can buy 12½ oz. of poultry, pheasant, duck, or any bird, uncooked, and the butcher 'as to write *his* name and address on the counterfoil at the top of the card, and you have 10 oz. of rabbit or hare, uncooked, if you like, but if you have duck you can't have pork, see?

FATHER: Well, give me pork. It's a bit more solid then duck.

CHILD: But you can have sausages if you like; but if you have sausages you mustn't have rabbit, see? Becos ——

FATHER: Becos there ain't any. They've orl took to their dugouts.

MOTHER: Wot I wants to know is, will these cards bring the meat we want? Standing in the queue did give yer a chawnce of snatching a scrag end of mutton or a knuckle of veal——

CHILD: Teacher says——

FATHER: Teacher be d—— Come on, 'ere we are.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

PRINTER'S PIE.

Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie")

"SUSSEX EXPRESS":—
"She felt as though she had been hit IN THE LEFT SIDE UNDER HER RIGHT ARM just below the armpit."

"LEICESTER DAILY MERCURY" (advertisement):—
"Comfortable home wanted for young lady and brother (17), LATTER SHARE BEDROOM."

"MIDLAND MAIL" (Market Harborough):—
"——, who DIED at —— ABOUT 20 YEARS AGO, WANTED TO HER ADVANTAGE."

"ADVERTISER" (Adelaide, South Australia), (advt.):—
"Piano, for singing to; wanted, FOR A YOUNG LADY, WITHOUT LEGS."

"THE NELSON LEE LIBRARY":—
For the most part the buildings were well preserved, but the MAJORITY of them were in a state of semi-ruin."

"THE STRAD" (reply to correspondent):—
"LOOKS like a good fiddle, but can say no more without SEEING it."

"BALKAN NEWS":—
"OUR AEROPLANES during the night dropped 200 bombs ON OUR AERODROME near Cambrai."

"KENTISH GAZETTE AND CANTERBURY PRESS" (advertisement):—
"Wanted, DISCHARGED SOLDIER to help in house and garden; also GENERALS."

"GLASGOW EVENING NEWS":—
"The caulkers . . . are due to be paid at the rate of 1s. 6d. per hour, plus 10 per cent. for OBSTRUCTION WORK on merchant repairs."

"MOTOR TRADER" (advertisement):—
"You are GUARANTEED SUCH INCOMPETENCY in all repairs you send to the —— Co."

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund."

This fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

One of the Many.

The wife of a soldier cannot follow her employment for long, being weak and ill. She has a little baby to care for and is in receipt of only a small allowance. Her own people are deaf to the appeals of natural sentiment.

Too Bad!

A soldier, passing through London, on his long-desired leave, found to his consternation that he had lost all his ready cash. He could not proceed far on his journey, but he made his way to Long Acre in the hope of finding a friend—and struck oil.

Mons Hero in Distress.

One of the "Old Brigade" is discharged and still suffering from the effects of his wounds. He has a small family, the youngest under the doctor's care, and requiring nourishment, the procuring of which necessitated unpaid bills.

The Odds Against Her.

A poor woman met with an accident during her work in a munition factory. She has four children, and is entirely dependent on the allowance in respect of her husband, serving in France. Two of the children are receiving medical attention, and the War Pensions Committee, whose rôle it is to assist in such circumstances, turned her case down. This systematic refusal on their part of rightful claims makes a drain on our Fund which it should not be called upon to bear.

Air Raid Victim.

A discharged soldier was much distressed by the sad fatality to his mother, who died from burns received during a recent raid. A public fund assisted towards the burial, but there were extra expenses which the man could not meet out of his own little stock of cash

Shoes for Shivering Feet.

A mother wrote us that she is trying to get one of her children into a home. The vacancy was ready, but the child had no boots for the journey. The struggling family were in great distress, as the father's pension is small. We enabled her to set the little one out happily on her way.

The End of His Tether.

His gratuity is exhausted, and being unable to follow his ordinary employment, an ex-soldier is awaiting the further decision of the Pension Authorities. In the meantime he was obliged to appeal for charity, the circumstances justifying a ready response on our part.

A Few More from the List.

Distracted wife buried two children; three left to provide for. Husband discharged with asthma; no pension.

Soldier's child ill; consequent debt which cannot be paid out of allowance.

Mother of five serving sons, faced with acute monetary difficulties.

Death of soldier's child, uninsured. Help sent towards burial.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

"A Smethwick Competitor," 1s.; T. R., 2s. 6d.; "Shaykyt," £1; A. M. F., 1 dollar; "House," 10s; T. O. J. (Liverpool), £5; J. A. D. (Chelmsford), 2s.; W. B., £1; "S. Ealing Reader," 1l.; W. N. S., 5s.; A. J. (Leytonstone), 2s.; M. D. (Wakefield), 2s.; W. J. S. (Chelsea), £1 1s.; "Florence," 1s.; "Constant Reader" (West Ham), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. M. E. W., 5s.; S. W. B. (Manchester), 2s.; Mr. and Mrs. F. D. N., £1; H. L. (New Southgate), 2s.; N. M. (Scarborough), 1s.; Mrs. C. A. L. (Kensington), £5; S. E. P., 2s. 6d.; C. H. T., 2s. 6d.; F. J., 2s.; P. E. (Hendon), 1s.; "Taxi Driver 5278," 1s.; Anon., 7s. 6d.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; J. C. M., 2s. 6d.; K. H. N., 10s.; Mrs. H., 2s.; Belgian Help Committee, Huddersfield, 10s.; "One of True Democracy," 2s.; Mrs. B., 1s.; W. A. W., £2 2s.; J. B. W. and W. J., 7s.; E. L., 1s.; "Engine Driver Jack and his Fireman," 5s.; S. A. J., 2s.; Sergts. of Det. 1st Garr. Batt. Northants Regt., P.O.'s of H.M. Navy, and Skippers and Engineers of Trawler Section of H.M. Navy, £7 16s. 7d.; "Horace and Bill," 2s. 3d.; A. P., 2s. 6d.; W. T. (Falkirk), 2s. 6d.; A. W. S. (Coventry), 5s.; M. J. H. (Margate), 2s.; Cpl. F. G., 2s. 3d.; E. M. A., 5d.; "Per J. S.," 5s.; "A Mite from Streatham," 3s.; "Betty," 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," 10s.; Miss M. (W. Kensington), 5s.; J. B. (Coventry), 2s. 6d.; Gaine Dept., Y.R.C., Croydon (per Y.B.T.), 15s.; A. V. W. (Woking), £1 1s.; F. J. S., 5d. 6d.; J. R., 1s. 6d.; R. P. (Malpas), 6s.; "A Sympathiser" (Romford), 1s.; "Minesweeper 2304," 1s. 6d.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; "In Memory of Nellie Gibbons," 3s.; "A Britisher," 1s.; F. P. (Hetherby), 2s. 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 5s.; F. D. (Anerley), 1s.; H. & P. (Norfolk), 1s. 6d.; Mrs. F. P. (Stamford), 2s.; "A Tommy's Wife," 2s.; L. W. (Leytonstone), 5s.; F. C. M., 10s.; "Old Salt," 2s. 6d.; E. F. (Durham), 2s. 3d.; W. B. (St. John's Wood), 10s.; R. S., 6d.; "Samurai" 6s. 9d.; M. O. (Hornsey), 2s. 6d.; "An Unfit," 2s.; Offices of 161 Coy. A.S.C., B.E.F., £1 2s.; "Sasuki-Kava," 10s.; "Sapper, Searchlight Section, B.E.F.," 10s.; "Old Age Pensioner" (Dundee), 1s.; "Private of Governor-General's Foot Guards, Ottawa, 100 cents; per R. C. (Winterbourne), 12s.; Proceeds of 27 Mess Swear Box, H.M.S. *Campania*, £1 16s.; "A Soldier's Wife and Children," 5s.; Mrs. R. L (Bristol), 5s.; F. M. (Thornhill), 2s.; M. U. (Hendon), 2s.; A. P., 1s.; Miss H., 10s.; E. D. (Shortlands), 10s.; P. M. L., 5s.; J. M., 6d.; "Breconock," £1; J. R. (Pocklington), 5s.; S. D. T. (Huddersfield), 2s.; L. S. (Greenwich), 5s.; S. S., 4d.; D. S. (Ilford), 1s 6d.; Gar. G. W. C., 2s. 6d.; J. D. (Ebew Vale), 6d.; H. H. (Durham), 1s; J. D. (Brazil), 2s. 6d.

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By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2s. 9d. and two penny stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a "John Bull" Gold Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull" any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. Thus, you may send 12 coupons, and P.O. for 1s. 9d. only and 2d. stamps for postage.
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N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium or Broad Nib.

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, 19th August, 1916.

Gallons Indifference.

A fine for the Officers Commanding in Thetford Camp, and for those of other units. We should like to know why our men are not allowed leave to see their dying parents, wives and children. This is a matter we intend to elucidate, even if we have to take it up with the highest authorities at the War Office. Such hide-bound callousness accounts for much of the unrest unfortunately observable in certain quarters. It is certainly the wish of Lord Derby that such cases should receive the most generous treatment possible.

"Miss Them—Love Them—Kiss Them."

A lady in Birmingham invited thirty wounded soldiers from the 1st Southern General Hospital to tea and an entertainment, and the reply she got from Lieut.-Colonel Sawyer ran as follows:—"I beg leave to thank you for so kindly offering an entertainment and tea to thirty wounded soldiers. I regret, however, that I am unable to accept it for them." This is the way we miss, love, and kiss our boys who come back to Blighty, and are so enthusiastically thankful for any little thing that our kind-hearted friends can do for them.

The Only Real Service League.

Silver-badged men, and others, who want to join the National Federation of Discharged and Demobilised Sailors and Soldiers should not—for once—"write to JOHN BULL about it." There are many local branches of the Federation, and the Head Office is at Parliament Mansions, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Full particulars will be received in response to a postcard.

The New Pay.

From numerous units we receive letters asking when the new scale of pay, supposed to have been issued weeks ago, will be granted to the men. It will come in good time, but meanwhile they may thank the politicians, who, without warning the Army Pay Department, made the arrangement, ignoring the fact that the change meant the alteration of millions of forms. All units should be in receipt of the extra pay in the course of a day or two.

Calling on the Cripples.

At Press Heath Camp, which is composed of low category men, the medical inspection of drafts for abroad does not appear to be satisfactory. A few days ago a B III soldier, who had been sent home badly wounded in the head, was chosen for Egypt. Another man was recently excused all duties and the next day was, like his comrade, ticked off for the land of the Pharaohs. Some of the unfortunates who return to Active Service, we are told, start out on their journey with the aid of sticks!

Courting the Coloured Man.

From Egypt we have a complaint by our white soldiers. There are many British ex-clerks who are now permanent Base men, unfitted to go on Active Service. There are also numerous berths for typists, clerks, and others in the Service Departments, which are filled by "educated" natives. The Egyptian holds out his hand for three pounds each month, whereas Tommy has to exist on the bare Army pay. Can we wonder that our brother out there feels sore? The fit Egyptians who are bagging the jobs should be at the front fighting for their country.

The Sink of Hardship.

We thank the numerous men in Catterick Camp who have written about their hardships concerning which, unfortunately, we have too much knowledge. We assure our correspondents that official notice has been taken of the matter—thanks to our direct representations—and can only hope that there will be a vast improvement in the near future.

An Irishman's Rise.

There would appear to be need for amendment in the recently-revised Admiralty scale of pay. A married Lieutenant, with four children, was drawing £342 7s. 6d. a year, but on promotion to the rank of Lieutenant Commander his pay has been fixed at £340. An Irishman's rise.

A Minesweeper Mutter.

The hard-worked minesweepers have many reasons for growling. The hardy fellows at Cromarty, when lying out at sea, have to man the small boats and make several journeys to the office on shore to obtain their pay—an operation always tabooous, and sometimes dangerous, owing to the wind and tide. They suggest, and we agree, that the Paymaster should board a drifter and go around the vessels.

Out in the Cold.

A year ago six of our small craft attacked and sank a submarine off the Goodwin Sands. Prize money to the amount of £1,000 was awarded, and was distributed among three of the vessels, although the whole half-dozen took part in the action, one of the destroyers left out in the cold firing twenty-two rounds and claiming a number of direct hits. Naturally, the crew of this boat feel very sore.

More Admiralty Meanness.

The Admiralty has issued an order stating that the danger money paid to the crews of special service "P" boats will be abolished from the end of this month. Different treatment is given to the men in cushy jobs in our dockyards, who are granted war bonuses, in addition to their good pay.

BRAIN MAGIC.

Income Increased 300 per cent.

Are you "pelmanizing"?

Have you read, or heard, or thought about the wonderful "brain-growing" method that is creating such a sensation by its almost magical results?

Everybody, from Royalty downwards, is busily "pelmanizing" and praising the system. The sooner you begin to "pelmanize" the better for your pocket and your prospects.

The first "pelmanist" I ever met was a Serbian army officer in the wilds of Macedonia. Not even the horrors of the Great Retreat had parted him from his treasured Pelman books; he had carried and studied them throughout the whole campaign.

That was months ago. Since then I have found hundreds—thousands—of "pelmanists" in the British and French armies, and it is an open secret that the officers of our smartest battleships and cruisers are enthusiastic "pelmanists." So are upwards of sixty British generals and many keen flying men.

Government officials, M.P.'s, peers, and tens of thousands of busy professional and business men and women, clerks, shopkeepers, etc., have also taken up with the fascinating science of "pelmanizing."

A member of the House of Lords goes so far as to say that the Pelman System should be included in our national scheme of education; and this view is warmly endorsed by Mr. Bottomley, the editor of "John Bull." "A Pelman-trained nation would be irresistible," wrote another well-known journalist.

Most people reckon themselves well off if they can earn £1 or £2 a day, but there is one man who tells how he added £145 to his income as the result of 72 hours' work.

He became a "pelmanist." The average time for the study is about 6 hours a week—an hour each day. That means 72 hours (3 days of 24 hours) for the whole course of lessons, which, as he writes, resulted in an increase of £145 in his salary, besides other advantages.

"But what is this Pelman System and what does it do?" asks the reader. Well, it is a system which does even more for the brain than scientific physical culture does for the muscles of the body. Far more. By a series of short, simple, and delightfully fascinating exercises, the brain is drilled and developed to a marvellous extent, doubling and trebling the "pelmanist's" capabilities and his or her (for there are thousands of women "pelmanists") *income*. Letters are daily received at the Pelman Institute telling of 100 per cent., 200 per cent., and even 300 per cent. increases of income resulting directly from "pelmanizing." And, these, remember, include men and women of all vocations—clerks, typists, shop assistants, artisans, merchants, managers, directors, journalists, doctors, musicians, clergymen, lawyers, authors, actors, as well as officers and men in the Army and Navy.

In fact it is clearly proved that "pelmanizing" means that in a few weeks, by practising for a few minutes daily, anyone can open up the road to Fortune, success, and even wealth and fame.

"Pelmanizing" is fully explained in an interesting book which every reader of "John Bull" should at once get and read. It is called "Mind and Memory," and can be secured gratis and post free by writing to-day to The Pelman Institute, 15, Wenham House, Bloomsbury-street, London, W.C.1.

Write to-day for a copy, and take "The Road to Success" (as "Truth" christened it). It will be the wisest and most profitable act of your life—a step which will lead to greater prosperity for you, as it has already done in the case of the 250,000 "pelmanists" now practising this wonderful system in all parts of the Empire, and by its aid achieving success in all the arts of "Peace and War."

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SEND FOR A VALUABLE BOOK GIVING SECRET OF A SIMPLE CURE. FREE TO SUFFERERS.

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You surely have heard of the wonderful specific that does this. It is called Uricones, a really scientific discovery. Write to-day for a free home trial package and a copy of the little book "The Story of a Rheumatic Cure." It gives you the secret of this remarkable discovery, which has already been the means of curing thousands of cases of

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Can you doubt the efficacy of this wonderful home cure with such evidence as this?

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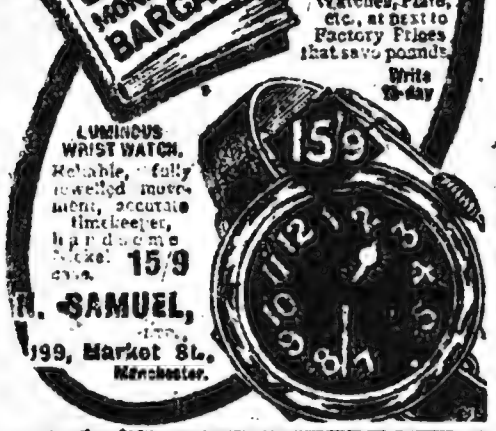

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The Food Beverage for all War Workers.

Vi-Cocoa

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I teach from ordinary music and my PIANO LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE are orthodox and authoritative, but so extraordinarily effective that with little more than one-third of the usual practice study, your playing and sight-reading shall be transformed beyond recognition. I guarantee success to any average person following my instructions. If you are an adult Beginner, you need not know a note to start.

Read these extracts from my recent correspondence:

An Elementary Player:

"Thank you for your first Lesson and instructions. They have already given me so much pleasure and enlightenment, and the desire to practise (hitherto such a drudgery and weight to bear) grows upon me daily."—Mrs. A. J. (Trawsfynydd, Merioneth).

Send a postcard to-day for my illuminating little book:—MIND, MUSCLE, AND KEYBOARD. It explains my System and shows what hundreds, of all ages and stages, say it has done for their playing so that you may judge for yourself what it can do for you. Give your full address (Mrs., Miss, Esq., or Mr.) and the word Advanced, Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner, as may best describe your case and the book shall be gladly sent you by return of post.

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ENGLISH Grown: Yorks, Express, Eclipse, Llewellyn, 112 lb. 20/9, 56 lb. 10/6, 28 lb. 5/6, 14 lb. 2/10, 7 lb. 1/6; Epicures, 112 lb. 15/9, 56 lb. 8/6, 28 lb 4/6, 14 lb. 2/4, 7 lb 1/3; British Queen, Queen Mary, Up-to-Date, King Edward VII., Dalhousie Factor, 112 lb 11/-.

All Bags Free. Free on Rail Wisbech. All Vegetable Seeds supplied. Send for illustrated list.

W. AMOS, SEEDSMAN, CHAPEL STREET, WISBECH, CAMBS.

Foster Clark's

Best Substitute for Meat.

2d Soups

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, etc., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only should be forwarded in the first instance.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C. 2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters.* FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL *and* SPORTING *inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for one shilling. Full names and addresses should be given.*

A. S. MK. (Sittingbourne).—"Please tell me the name of the wooden-headed Government officials who have sent to Holland with Tirpitz's son 5 U-boat Commanders." Better inquire in the timber yards.

"**Householder**" (Hackney).—It is true we were once M.P. your way, but how can we interest our late constituents in fat ham?

H. F. (E.C.).—"Captain Edmund Walker, joined as private, awarded M.C. and bar to same, is a Quaker." Wish they were all like him.

"**Giddy Girl**" (Hampstead).—"We should think ourselves jolly lucky, considering we're in the fourth year of war." What's "jolly lucky" about that? Being so giddy, your head is turned.

"**Equality**" (Edinburgh).—"Why must the reward of the soldier and sailor always have a tendency to something menial and messy?" You've sent down a nasty one, and no mistake!

Lce.-Corpl. J. W. C. (Dar-es-Salaam).—Much interested in your regimental journal. We must look to our laurels.

"**A Tommy**" (Sandhill Park).—In these days of food-shortage, the wasteful stuffing of Hun prisoners is a crime against the nation.

E. G. (Custom House, E.).—"If you cannot be generous, at least be just." Just so. Meantime, we will continue in our endeavours to be both.

"**One of the Poor Unfortunates.**" (Kinross).—When Sir A. Stanley said many nourasthenics would be cured when peace was declared, he was not referring to shell-shock subjects, but to nervous civilians.

"**An Old Soldier.**"—"I have been a reader of your most valuable paper for the last twenty years." That exaggeration is like coming the old soldier over us.

L. E. B. (Carmarthenshire).—We adhere to our view that whoever speaks about "a revolution in Wales" is likely to spoil his hat by talking through it.

"**Dock Labourer**" (Manchester).—We note your painful suggestion about "rotten hams." Nothing the matter with our own hams, as far as we can tell without looking at them.

M. W. (Swansea).—"I think your words are quite right." All correct as a rule, dearie—except when we lose our collar stud.

W. S. (Hampstead) and **many others** suggest that we should publish facsimiles of the two letters in regard to which we have made our £1,000 offer. This, however, is impracticable, as full size reproductions would take up two pages of our valuable space, and reduced facsimiles would, in consequence of the rapidity of the printing machines be illegible.

Mrs. B. (Ipswich).—To charge 7d. for a German gas-mantle, pre-war price 4d., certainly is rather sultry. It can't be new stock!

"**One of the Patients**" (Euston Hall Hospital).—If the officers concerned in that "Hushed up" affair were shooting game for you boys, that nearly lets them out.

Pte. D. (Paddington).—To turn a soldier's wife out of her cottage seems like the act of a descendant not of the Iron Duke, but of the Iron Cross.

"**Ella**" (London, W.).—"Pressure of gas for cooking and lighting is much less, the quality lower, and the price higher." You don't expect the gas companies to lose on the war, do you?

"**Gretna Green**" (Eastrigg) complains that in the Hostel, where the girl munition workers often turn in "with wet feet and shivering with cold," the bedrooms are badly heated, the beds are damp, "and some almost wet."

Mrs. A. B. (Edinburgh).—"German pork butchers open till 9, plenty to sell; British shops empty and shut." Almost enough to make you trade with the enemy.

"**A Villager**" (Wiltshire).—You should report your suspicions to the local Food Control Committee. Say we told you to do so, if you think it will save you from blushing.

L. M. D. (New Cross Gate).—"Why are officers with soft jobs at home allowed 14 ozs. sugar per week?" To make them sweet as well as soft.

"**Humble Vicarage.**"—What would papa say if he knew you were parodying the Psalms? Go and slap yourself.

"**Seventeen**" (Aldwell).—It was distinctly laid down that sugar-cards could be transferred on reasonable grounds to another grocer. Your local Food Committee don't know their business if they tell you otherwise. Were they drawn from the Asylum?

"**A British Nurse**" (Sunninghill).—The advertisement of the Heath Mount School, Hampstead Heath, for a "Useful Indoor Manservant for boys' preparatory school; foreigner preferred," is no less than an insult to the thousands of discharged soldiers who would be only too glad of the "good outings and holidays" and "wages £4 per month" which are offered.

J. M. (Walworth).—"I am writing on behalf of a pork butcher fined for selling horse-flesh and bad pork." We have nothing to say "on his behalf."

"**Drum Major**" (Ripon).—Any bookseller would get you a book on "How to write Business Letters." Our advice is, however, always to understand business before you write 'em.

"**Workman**" (Southampton Docks).—According to your account, which we do not question, Southampton is a very paradise for shirkers. One might have thought it would be kitchen to do its bit.

N. B. (Bradford).—Sorry you were discharged from Sanatorium for smoking (why, oh, why, did you break rules?) but we cannot believe your pension and insurance will be stopped. That must be all bogy.

"**Reader**" (Brixton).—"If all were only as smart as you." What's the use of crying for the moon?

G. R. (Birmingham).—We are glad to read that you were glad to read our recent article, for we are always glad to write what you are glad to read.

J. W. (Liverpool).—"What is the limit of treachery?" The end of a rope.

"LOOKER ON."—"At Sir A. Geddes' headquarters in Victoria Street, men with only one hand go out delivering letters, perhaps 30 at a time. At the doors and in the halls are the able-bodied men." Sir A. Geddes must play General Post.

"VAD" (Exeter).—"Seven wounded soldiers at the railway refreshment room were charged 8s. 6d. for a pot of tea; no eatables." Makes the price of water pretty stiff.

"MUNITION GIRL" (aged 18) admires the Germhun flying men on British air-raids "because at least they show their grit," but admits she is "not old enough to know better."

M. J. M'C. (Tarbert).—"Some months ago I stopped buying JOHN BULL, as all my efforts to see my name as a successful competitor were in vain." Can't we come to some arrangement?

"LILIAN" (Bromley).—It is a common complaint that official women who interview unofficial women for National Service do give themselves airs.

"TWICE WED" (Honiton).—Madam, as Dr. Johnson said on a memorable occasion, "a woman preaching is like a dog walking on his hind legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised it is done at all."

S. R. B. (Tamworth).—Offer to Ministry of Munitions your invention for saving life from planes or balloons—"can easily be used by any man above ground." Apparently useless to anybody under the ground?

"QUERY" (Canonbury).—Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise.

"ALL PARTIES" (Paignton).—How horribly suspicious you are. You have made us go all goosey.

SAPPER J. W. H. (B.E.F.).—"Which is the larger station, Waverley or Waterloo?" We are backing Waterloo as the one where you can most thoroughly lose yourself.

H. P.—"Let the undersides of aeroplanes be marked with red, white and blue lines, termed hatched lines." Been sitting on them long?

A. G. T. (Bedworth).—You have hit it—"Free Trade helped to bring about this war by helping Germany." And it will happen all over again unless we protect our markets from the murdering Huns.

SER. W. C. G. (Brighton).—We plead guilty to having stated that Japan declared war on Germany; but seeing that the statement was true, we think we are entitled to a strong recommendation to mercy.

"ONE OF MANY" (S.E.).—"English rabbits are now ——." Run away, do. The bunnies have bunked.

"BRITISHER" (Whitehall). — "The heads say the clerks are indispensable." Good gracious! We've never heard anybody say that even of the heads.

"MARJORIE" (Enniscorthy).—Your memory is at fault, dearie. We correctly ascribed to Swift the lines about the great and lesser fleas. They are from his "Poetry: A Rhapsody"—a strange title!

P. B. (Rochdale).—Your complaints to hand. Now go and sit on a block of ice.

"THE WOMEN OF CHURCH END" (Bishop's Stortford).—Dam your village pump—if you can't otherwise stop it from leaking.

MRS. McL. (Battersea Park).—With much that you say, we fully agree. Nice of us, isn't it?

B. A. (Bournemouth).—Your letter has worried our eyesight. Did you write it with a fish-hook?

M. M. (Lewes).—"I wonder how many female correspondents you have?" Tons, bless them. And they do not send us, as you do, "news" which we printed weeks back.

"FILM FIRE SUFFERER."—Certainly there is great danger in carrying films in public vehicles. They are terribly inflammable, and a cigarette end might cause a holocaust.

"MOTHER" (Tottenham). — Keep heart. Even this war will have an end.

MRS. H. E. R. (Liverpool).—"Surely none feels the pinch of food more than the soldier's wife." She has certainly not overmuch to buy food.

"HOSTILITIES ONLY" (Workington). —"Enlighten us if we are under a false delusion." No; you are under a real one.

E. M. W. (Muswell Hill).—People sheltering at a Baptist chapel in North London during an air-raid found this text on the wall:—"Set Your Affections on Things Above."

L.-CPL. E. A. G. (Bombay).—"Imagine our feelings when a mail boat torpedoed makes us miss one of your numbers." Hun frightfulness, you know.

MRS. M. M. (California).—Thanks for the raisins, which came like manna from the skies.

"BANK CLERK" (Harrogate).—No space to criticise "a certain wealthy London Joint Stock Bank," whose name you hope it will be unnecessary to mention. It is not our practice to beat the air.

"A WOUNDED TOMMY" (Plymouth)—The most charitable view we can take of your letter is that your honourable wound was worrying you when you wrote it. Otherwise you would hardly have fallen into such an error as to declare that the majority of Tommies are in favour of a Stockholm Conference.

"GLEN OF MAIN" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—"I read your articles weekly. While they are good, to my mind they are not strong enough." Perhaps not. But then, you see, we do not cater specially for your mind.

J. S.—You doubted the truth of our statements when we wrote sometime ago about "Monastic Funk Holes," but now you are convinced. It has taken you a long time to believe, but your tardy confession of faith is hereby accepted.

A. O. L. (Heathfield).—Beer is not brewed with sugar suitable for jam, so you need not blame the brewers if you are not able to preserve your gooseberries this year. Is it not possible to be a teetotaler without being unjust?

J. H. W. (Port Sunlight).—We would gladly see official photographs of the Huns' fiendish atrocities enacted upon helpless women put on the screen in every cinema house in the country. It is right that the general public should see for themselves how unspeakably loathsome are the filthy animals we are fighting.

T. P. (Leominster).—"Thanking you for a small space." Afraid this is the most we can manage.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to JOHN BULL, Advertisement Department, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.

Alert

brains and vigorous, hard muscles are the marks of a thoroughly-fit condition. When mental or physical exertion becomes a tax, either insufficient food is being taken to sustain the work done, or else the stomach is incompetent to deal with it.

'BYNOGEN' the concentrated and easily digested nutrient introduced by Allen and Hanburys Ltd. assists the repair-rate of nerves, brain and muscles, and has a beneficial effect in cases of nervous dyspepsia. 'Bynogen' consists of pure milk protein, with organic phosphates, and a specially prepared extract—in a soluble form—obtained from selected whole wheat and malt.

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Brings Health

Sold by all Chemists at 1/9, 3/-, 5/- & 9/-

ALLEN & HANBURYS Ltd.
LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

Established in the City of London, A.D. 1715
B39

WOULD YOU LIKE THIS HOUSE?

We will show you how to purchase it for less than you are now paying in rent.

Booklet FREE from F.C.L., J. B.

CITY LIFE ASSURANCE CO. LTD.
8, PAUL STREET, LONDON, E.C.

DIGESTION WORTH HAVING.

Good digestion is not appreciated until you lose it. Then do not experiment, for strong medicines are hard on weak stomachs.

To be able to eat what you want and to digest it is a priceless blessing. If you have lost it do not be deceived by the claims of predigested foods and stomach tonics, so-called.

There is no tonic for the stomach that is not a tonic for every part of the body. As the blood goes everywhere, an improvement in its condition quickly results in strengthening weak organs. If your stomach is weak and you are troubled with flatulence, sour risings in the throat, a feeling of pressure about the heart and palpitation, try the tonic treatment with Dr. Williams' pink pills.

So many dyspeptics have been helped by this simple treatment that every sufferer from stomach trouble should try it.

Get a supply of Dr. Williams' pink pills from any dealer; but ask for Dr. Williams'.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. has issued a free book, "What to Eat and How to Eat," that should be in every home. It gives just the information that you want regarding your diet; send a post card for the book to Offe Dept., 46, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

SIR HIRAM MAXIM'S HOME DOCTOR BOOK FREE.

Readers of J. B. are advised to send for this concise little book, which has already enabled thousands to cure easily and quickly at home, most cases of Catarrh, Deafness, Ear Noises, Bronchitis and Asthma.

The book and full particulars, describing one of Sir Hiram's most wonderful discoveries, will be sent free to all applicants on receipt of name and address. Send no money. Simply write to the Sole Licensees,
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BICYCLE BARGAINS.—Write before it is too late for my clearance lists, Premiers, Humbers, Centaurs, Swifts, Triumphs, Rovers, Raleighs, Court Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £7 19s. 6d. Count Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £7 19s. 6d. Count Royals, &c., grand bicycles from £7 19s. 6d. cash (worker's price £12 12s.).—GEORGE KING (Ltd.), the Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY.

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful futures than any other Institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home or overseas, on board ship, in billets, hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post this coupon NOW!

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Please send me your free booklet giving full particulars of the Course of Correspondence Training before which I have marked X.

—Mechanical Engineering	—Business Training
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—Marine Engineering	—Window Dressing
—Steam Engineering	—Motors & Gas Engines
—Civil Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Boiler-Making	—Industrial Chemistry
—Coal & Metal Mining	—Carpentry & Joinery
—Agriculture	—Furniture-Making
—Poultry-Farming	—Carriage Building
—Fruit-Growing	—Wireless Telegraphy

NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

SHORTHAND IN 24 HOURS

Dutton's Shorthand is the simplest high-speed system in the world. There are only 8 rules and 6 characters to learn, and the complete theory can be acquired in 24 hours. That stage reached, practice only is necessary to gain a speed of 200 words per minute.

Send stamp to-day for free lesson to
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TRY FIRST LESSON

A Lady's Hands

should be soft, white and velvety, free from all disfigurements. Munition-workers and all those engaged on rough work can keep their hands beautiful by using Snowfire. It cleanses the pores, whitens and purifies the skin.

Snowfire

Economical and Efficient.

For Redness and Roughness of the Skin, Cracked Lips and Chapped Hands.

1s 3d. tablets—family size, 7½d.

Obtainable of all Chemists.

F. W. Hampshire & Co., Ltd.
Riccardo Works, Derby.

2nd Prize £25 — 'Bullets' 1st PRIZE £250 'Bullets' 1st PRIZE — 3rd Prize £10

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2 10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL "TARGET" PRIZES

☞ **Please Note that Next Week "Bullets" First Prize will be increased to £1,000.**

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 28th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(275) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 275. "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 28th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(275) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

No.____ Closing Date, Thursday, February 28th.
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____
(275) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.
Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for next week's "Bullets" Competition **No. 276.** These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach their offices on or before **THURSDAY, MARCH 14th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **276** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets"—No. 276, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such coupons **MUST NOT** contain any of the Thirty-three Examples of the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 276.

GERMANY'S GAME	HINDENBURG'S DILEMMA	THINKING FURIOUSLY	SWEET GIRL
NO PEACE UNTIL	ONE THOUSAND POUNDS	PLEASES THE FLAPPER	WHEN RETIRING
NURSING TOMMY	FRIGHTENS FRITZ	MARRIED MAN	SECOND TO NONE
ALL HIGHEST	BEGINNING TO TUMBLE	WITHOUT A MISS	MOST DIFFICULT TO
WAITING FOR FOOD	DECEIVING THE WIFE	MOST TIRING WHEN	PUNISHING THE KAISER

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for whatever, in the opinion of the Judges, in competition with the Editorial, the best "Bullet" creates, and the other prizes therefor afterwards, the test being cleverness, humour and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on each of the Examples, and only two Bullets may be sent for each Example.

3. All three coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d., or stamps equivalent.

4. Bullets must be written in English, and the Examples must be taken in order from top to bottom.

5. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the name of sending Office; also the back of the postal order, the cancelled stamps from any coupons on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon must enclose postal orders for the additional coupons, the number of their postage. Coupons must not be folded in any manner.

6. All coupons sending Bullets to be judged with absolute impartiality will be sent by Editorial to their respective judges.

7. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

8. The Editor's decision on any matter relating to this Competition will be final, and by sending in Bullets each Competitor will be accepted as having agreed to this rule in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is a necessary condition of entry.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 275.

LLOYD GEORGE'S AMBITION	SHORT SUPPLY	MARRIED WITH BUTCHER
THE LAST CHANCE	LAST SHOT FIRED	SUNDAY BEAUTY
SPARING BLOOD	WITHOUT A BLOT	SUPERLATIVE GIANT
OUT OF THE WAR	THE PRESENT TIME	EVERY SINGLE MAN
RUSSIA'S FUTURE	SILLY SCHOOL	FAIRY TALES
ALL GOODNESS	HARD DIFFICULT TO	OF SUNDAY
WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS	SUNDAY	GERMAN PROTEST
THE LAST RAID	A FAT LOT	FAIR AND SQUARE
FOOD CARDS	ENGLAND'S HOME	TOMMY'S LOT
MAKING A FUSS	ON WRONG TASK	OUT OF POCKET
MY WIFE SAYS	CUTHBERT'S EXCUSE	THE KAISER IMAGINES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty-three examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letters in the alphabet. These examples will guide you: Example:—Out Of Pocket. Bullet:—Not Monkeylender Usually. Example:—Cuthbert's Excuse. Bullet:—Doesn't Always Convince Tribunal.

Competitors may send in two BULLETS on one coupon for 2½pence. If three coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated March 16th. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in Everywoman's dated February 23rd.

RESULT OF 272nd "BULLETS" COMPETITION.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:

Mr. R. BRADSHAW, "Campbellea," Low Inverskip Road, Greenock.
Example:—Half Measures.
Bullet:—Won't Secure "Fit."

SECOND PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. A. STONELY, 29, Burnley Lane, Huncoat, near Accrington.
Example:—Dining Out.
Bullet:—More "Bull" Than "Fare."

THIRD PRIZE OF £10:

Mr. R. A. HAWKEY, West Rype, Lydd, Kent.
Example:—Dreads The Fire.
Bullet:—Doesn't Risk "Falling In."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 EACH:

Mr. J. Cox, The Cycle Works, Hugh's Lane: Deal Of Trouble—Getting The "Last Ounce."
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. F. E. Kendall, 25, Monmouth Road, Dorchester:
Lively Girl—Gets "Helped Over Stile."
Mr. A. Black, c/o 22, Hawthorne Terrace, Armley, Leeds:
Good Results—Through Issue "Joining Forces."
Mr. R. Gordon, c/o Mr. Prapwell, Much Park Street, Coventry:
Artful Spy—Karma Describes British Diplomat.
Miss McPhee, 26, Queen Street, Scarborough:
First Baby—It's Got Everybody Guessing.
Mr. F. Kimberley, 39, Summerfield Crescent, Edgbaston, Birmingham:
Having A Good Time—Not "Cricket" During War.
Mr. H. Barnes, 24, Park Avenue, Attleboro', Nuneaton:
Artful Dog—Army Doctor Throws Epileptic.
Mr. T. Morgan, 269, Holderness Road, Hull:
Wards To Blame—The Germans We "Maintain."
Mr. A. J. Thomas, 102, Penarth Road, Grangetown, Cardiff:
Hair's Job—Pessimists Think Permanent One.
Mrs. A. Greenwood, Knight's House, Appley Bridge, Wigan:
War Aims—Axe Hits—"Below Belt."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. D. B. Ward, 15, Abercorn Terrace, Hospital's Cross, Dublin:
Hoarding Food—Patriotic "Fire" Against It.
Mrs. R. Griffin, 12, High St., Bideford, Devon:
Prize Love Letter—Barely Written "Without Prejudice."
Mr. P. Byrne, Grosvenor Hotel, S.W.1:
Hoarding Food—"Put Aside" The Temptation.
Mr. C. Wilson, 65, Barnsdale Road, London, W.9:
Kaiser's Favourite—"Rolled Up" And Exported.
Mr. R. V. Powell, 138, North Road, St. Helens, Lancs:
Hater Of—Sight, When Leg Good.
Mr. W. Ross, Room 37, 2nd Floor, K.E.P., G.P.O., E.C.:
Hate Measures—Gets Nipper For Treacle.
Mr. E. Gould, 51, Amelia St., Walworth, S.E.:
Across The Wire—Aces, Twelve Kills.
Mrs. Cattell, P.O. East Hill, Colchester:
Sign Of Trouble—Politicians Giving Out Layout.
Mrs. G. Hopper, 3, Globe Lands, River Street, Deal, Dover:
Hair Measures—Mixing Politics With Wit.
(Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mr. A. Ryan, 42, Halton Street, Moss Side, Manchester:
Makes Kaiska Grumble—British Sailors Germany's Gaolers.

List of 10s. Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 272 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, REBELLION or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in John Bull *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the risks named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one of each	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
For each week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should life, or hap, home become directly damaged or destroyed, be private residence or residence in connection with a shop or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

To my Regular Newsagent.

Please deliver *John Bull* to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

Feb. 23, 1918

You must fill in the Registration Form, which will be found in *John Bull* dated Feb. 23rd, and send it to *John Bull* Insurance Dept., 5, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, before your name and the name of your Insurance will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

I wish to insure myself and my family against the risks mentioned in the scheme published in *John Bull* dated Feb. 23rd, 1918, and I enclose herewith the necessary coupon.

Name of Insurer.....

Address.....

Particulars of Insured [Age, Sex, or Kind].....

Address of home.....

Feb. 23, 1918.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

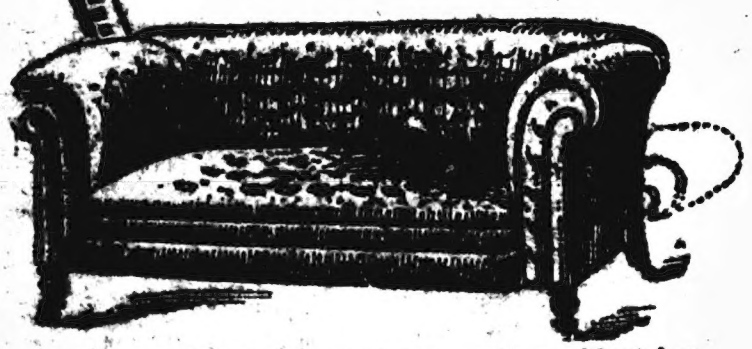
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 14s. 6d.

When you make your choice

Come where you get the greatest variety of beautiful furniture to choose from. Come to the "Midland." You cannot help finding the very thing you require among the £100,000 worth of spendidly-made furniture in the "Midland" Salons. For variety of selection and sterling value the "Midland" stands alone.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

The more closely you study the "Midland" prices—plainly marked on everything—the more convinced you will be that here you get the utmost possible value for every £1 you spend. You are free to choose whatever you like best, and the "Midland" Ideal Terms enable you to pay for it at your own convenience, without touching your capital, and without paying a single penny for interest or any extras whatsoever.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

Ideal Terms

(Town or Country).

Worth.	Per Month.	Worth.	Per Month.
£10 -	£0 5 6	£50 -	1 7 6
£20 -	0 11 0	£100 -	2 15 0
£30 -	0 16 6	£200 -	5 10 0
£40 -	1 2 0	£500 -	13 15 0

Larger amounts pro rata.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.

At the "Midland" customers can obtain free insurance policies whereby all furniture purchased on Ideal Terms becomes the absolute property of the wife, in the event of the death of the purchaser. All furniture thus purchased is also insured against damage by Fire, Zeppelin or Hostile Bombardment.

Furnishing Company, Ltd.,

Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,

15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.

Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station, 1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.

Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1.

MUCH DAMAGE HAS BEEN CAUSED

by the inhuman labour occasioned by oilcloth and cheap-grade Linoleum. It is impossible to keep these treacherous fabrics clean without regular scrubbings. Such efforts, as every woman knows, have caused health break-downs as well as causing bent backs, worried looks, and a prematurely old appearance. No woman should risk such an unfair penalty, and no woman need, if she will have her floors covered with Catesbys Cork Lino. This popular floor covering entails no penalty; it remains beautifully clean without scrubbing. That's the point. Try our Lino on easy Terms, or gain 2/- in the discount by paying cash. We bear cost of carriage, and willingly send a free batch of patterns and samples with complete prices on request.

CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept. 19),
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.1.

RICH RUGS

Write for a Post Free Batch of Coloured Sheets, showing the wonderful beauty of Catesbys Rich Rugs. Broad variety of Patterns, good for general wear, and suitable alike for use with GAS OR ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CATESBYS LTD.
Dept. 19), Tottenham Court Road, London, W.1.

Messrs. CATESBYS, Ltd., London, W.1.
Please send me your Style Book and pattern pieces of cloth. I am thinking of buying a suit
Full Name.....
Full Address.....
(Dept. 19.)

We want every man who sees this Advertisement to send the above Coupon and get our Patterns.

You do not have to buy because you send for the patterns. We want you to have them so as to prove to you that you can get a better Suit from us in London, Easy Terms, carr. paid, right to your door, than you could buy from a local tailor at the same price.
That's a fair proposition, isn't it?
All right, then. Just send the coupon to-day before you forget it. You will say the values we offer are the greatest you ever saw. If you don't want to cut this paper, write a post-card or letter for samples, and mention this paper.

CATESBYS LTD.
(Dept. 19),
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD,
LONDON, W.1.

"High-Class Cigarettes at Moderate Prices."

STATE EXPRESS CIGARETTES

Sole Proprietors: ARDATH TOBACCO CO., Ltd., LONDON.

Peace in the Spring

Uncle Cheeriboy.

Next month Spring will be here bringing constipation, blotches, pimples, headaches, sluggish liver, and other functional disorders resulting from the change of seasons.

Keep your blood pure with Page Woodcock's pills, and insure peace in your system.

Page Woodcock's pills prevent periodic disturbances. They tone up the stomach and digestive organs, stimulate the liver and kidneys, cleanse the blood, and have cured millions in the past sixty years, insuring them against other more serious troubles arising from functional irregularity.

Of all chemist and druggists, in boxes 1/3 and 3/-

Page Woodcock's Pills

You may think that a broken boot lace is a small matter—but is it? Many a train has been lost through a broken lace. Wear Hurculaces and avoid risk.

Hurculaces

Hurculaces are the ideal laces for boots or shoes.

Why the everlasting—never-ceasing—laces annoyance when you can buy HURCULACES, which are stoutly built of the best yarns and firmly tagged in the best British style? Ask emphatically for HURCULACES, and don't be put off.

Stocked by high-class Drapers, Outfitters, and Bootmakers.

QUICK RELIEF FOR RHEUMATICS AT ALL CHEMISTS.

EXPERTS WHO KNOW WHAT IS GOOD FOR THEMSELVES AND FOR OTHERS RECOMMEND "URILLAC."

A PHYSICIAN-AND-CHEMIST AID FOR SUFFERERS FROM RHEUMATISM, GOUT, SCIATICA AND LUMBAGO.

The leading Chemists throughout the country are now ready to hand a proved quick relief remedy to all sufferers from Rheumatism, Rheumatic-Gout, Rheumatoid Arthritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Bladder and Gravel troubles.

This "Urillac" remedy for these troubles is prepared according to the favourite prescription of a West End consulting specialist, who rapidly achieved a great name for his success in treating these complaints.

Relief in 24 to 48 Hours.

There is no long waiting for proof of the efficacy of "Urillac." Quick relief follows in 24 to 48 hours.

—In Rheumatism the dreaded aches and pains are far less severe.
—In Gout the joint and swelling and discomfort are soon relieved.
—In Neuritis and Neuralgia the shooting and piercing pain becomes less frequent and diminished.

To those readers who have tried "this, that, and everything else" for their sufferings, this good news may seem too good to be true, but it is true, nevertheless, as thousands can testify.

How Rheumatism, etc., Becomes Chronic.

The first thing that sufferers from Rheumatic and Gouty troubles should do is to die down under the burden of pain. Still joints and muscles become stiffer and stiffer, due to the accumulation of still more uric acid and chalky deposits.

And this "grin and bear it and do nothing" inactivity is the cause that causes the trouble to become chronic. It is the cause, too, of the terribly sore and distorted joints of so many sufferers of long standing—the trouble was prevented in the first place.

Every sufferer [illegible] a trial of "Urillac" that will prove to him or her surprise and delight [illegible] body was so quick to [illegible] the bad habit of Rheumatism, Gout, or [illegible].

Dissolves the Uric Acid and Chalky Deposits.

For the "Urillac" remedy goes to the root of the trouble. It mixes with the blood and so bathes the stiff [illegible] and sore joints and muscles with a remedy that dissolves the [illegible] by its blessed [illegible] the blood takes away [illegible] and so [illegible] waste [illegible] the discomfort and pain—[illegible] their aches and pains and [illegible] crippled condition [illegible] of "Urillac."

The "Urillac" [illegible] is both [illegible] and simple. The tablets are taken according to "Directions"—that is all. There is no [illegible] dietary changes' [illegible] no [illegible] [illegible] delivery to a medicine [illegible] required. The sufferer merely takes a "Urillac" tablet that is tasteless—just as he or she takes milk with tea.

"Urillac" is an Insurance Against Rheumatism, Etc.

The "Urillac" [illegible] is an Anti-Rheumatic and Gouty Insurance of a value far outweighing its trivial cost of 1s. 3d. and 3s. a box.

URILLAC

The Physician-Specialist's Free Prescription Remedy for

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA GOUT NEURITIS
SCIATICA URIC ACID HEADACHE LUMBAGO GRAVEL

"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by all Chemists and Drug Stores, including all Branches of Boots' Cash Chemists, Parkes', Hornby, White's, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., at 1s. 3d. and 3s., or post free from The URILLAC CO., 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

Made at Hammersmith

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BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL

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